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The Carmel Pine Cone

Council Better Hurry to Avoid Special Poll

Carmel taxpayers were today faced with the possibility of having to pay \$165 for their new councilman!

That's the estimated cost of the city election which will become necessary if some decision cannot be made within the 30-day limit, by Oct. 17, that is, from the time Herbert Heron's resignation was officially accepted.

It's not the fault of the present council members, who have been working night and day to avoid such an eventuality. But because of one technicality after another many of the names under discussion have had to be discarded.

And so we thought you ought to know.

Free Sunday Concert at Forest Theater Oct. 12

Free Sunday afternoon concerts in the Forest Theater, long a hoped-for reality, now—at least will begin to be.

The Peninsula Male Chorus, inaugurators of the project, will present a recital there at 3 p. m., Oct. 12.

Jaffrey Harris, director of the chorus, will conduct and his wife, Rachel Morton, will be soprano soloist.

John R. White, Lloyd Miller Are Named Scout Masters in New Set-up of Troops 39, 86

Reorganization of Carmel's Boy Scout masters this week has resulted in appointment of the following by Everett Smith, chairman of the Scout committee:

For Troop 86, the Scout master is John R. White, high school teacher; his assistants are Jack Pelton and Bill Yerkes, two Carmel students attending Salinas Junior College.

For Troop 39, Lloyd Miller, Sunset teacher, and his assistants are Joey Perry and Robert C. Doerr, high school teacher.

All are new except Perry and Yerkes, who served last year. Cub Pack leaders will remain the same, according to Smith.

And while Scout leaders take
(Continued on page 16)

FRENCH STREAMLINED COURSE BEGINS OCT. 3

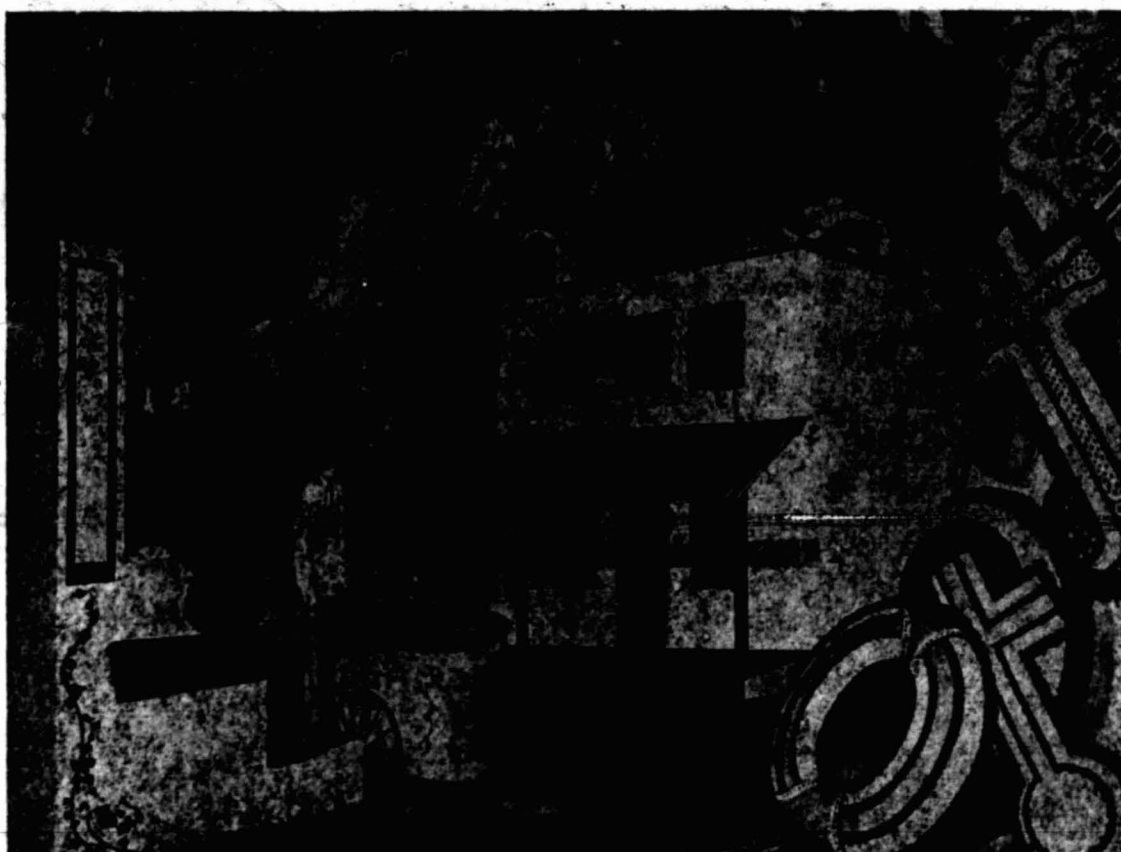
Keeping in step with the current interest in France, the future of the nation and of her literature, The Pine Cone has secured the services of a French professor from Paris to conduct a streamlined course in conversational French.

Lessons begin in our Oct. 3 issue, that's next week's Pine Cone.

There will be 30 lessons, each with four parts: grammar, vocabulary, composition, and conversation.

The lessons are to be prepared each week and sent into the Pine Cone for correction by the professor. The nominal charge of 25 cents per lesson will be made for the correction.

The professor will meet with the students for an evening of conversation every two weeks, and oftener if the demand arises.



This oil of a Mexico City scene was not painted in Mexico, as you might suppose, because in that country, much as he loved it, the artist became ill. He brought his inspiration (and also his "tourist trouble") to Carmel and painted it at Big Sur.

ENGLISH ARTIST'S FATE INTERTWINED WITH CARMEL

By MARY BURR

Recent arrival in Carmel is the young English artist, Adrian Beach, who painted the above picture at the Big Sur home of Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter. He had just fled from Mexico City with his inspiration—and dysentery. The painting now hangs in the home of Mrs. Bayard Cutting in New York City.

Born in Surrey, Beach became acquainted with the Porters when he went to school in London with Mrs. Porter's son-in-law, Alastair Miller. While he was convalescing here in 1939 from his brief Mexican sojourn, Beach painted a number of other pictures from his hurried Mexican sketches and al-

so many scenes of our peninsula. They now hang in various parts of Europe where Beach went from here.

Beach's first success came at the age of 14 when he won an open competition given by the Oxford University Press. At 17, although younger than the prescribed age, he was, because of his talent, allowed to enter the Royal College of Art in South Kensington. There he won more prizes in painting. In 1933 a group of etchings brought him the Prix de Rome scholarship, entitling him to two years of study in Italy. Completing them, he traveled throughout southern Europe, his journeys finally taking him to the northern coast of Africa where he found interesting experiences as well as inspiration among the colorful tribesmen of Tripoli.

His first one-man show, in London at the Wertheim Gallery, Bond street, was enthusiastically received. The artist moved to America, taking a studio in Connecticut, and put on his second one-man show at the Alma Reed gallery in New York.

Of English, Scotch and Welsh parentage, Beach's father, Ernest,

Dragon's Teeth Sown in Carmel

When one sows "dragon's teeth" one is supposed to reap warriors, and a crop of angry warriors is exactly what it was thought the Elizabeth McClung White sand dunes might be expected to yield.

Instead the harvest proved to be a group of well-designed cottages which sink softly into the dunes, harmonizing with them instead of detracting from their original charm.

For many years Carmel has been divided into camps—unusually hostile camps as is well known—about those same dunes. The city tried for years to buy them
(Continued on page 4)

Septic Leaks Nothing, It's A River!

The bogey of septic tank seepage on Scenic, ogre to generations of Carmelites, has suddenly spouted to the alarming proportions of a geyser.

D. W. Roper, who dwells on Scenic drive between Eighth and Ninth, says it's no mere leak that waters his \$500-a-foot property, but a river!

First he thought it was a spring, an awfully healthy spring from which he regularly pumps 1800 gallons of water a day.

The other day Roper was digging around in his garden, rather deeper than usual, and ran into gravel.

Had Seen Gravel Elsewhere

This gravel looked singularly familiar. Hadn't he seen some like it down near Carmel river?

Roper took a sample to Frank Murphy.

"That," said Murphy, who in his construction business has mixed with Carmel river gravel half his life, "is identical to river gravel."

Now Carmel river, which looks so innocent all summer long, is actually what is known by geologists as an underground river. The channel at the mouth is 1000 feet deep, so you can just see.

Finding of the gravel obviously indicates that a river once flowed under Scenic drive at that point and probably still does. It may or may not be an underground branch of the Carmel river, and, another possibility, it may be one of several underground streams emptying along our waterfront.

Old Map: Exciting Clues

And that isn't all: over in Pacific Grove there is an old map, drawn up by pioneers in Monterey county two or three centuries ago before erosion and currents had made our bodies of water exactly what they are today. This map shows our Carmel river to be an actual branch of the Salinas river.

Geologists state that the Salinas river is now one of the biggest underground rivers in the world. Has the link between the two also gone underground, and could it still be pouring into Carmel Bay far below Scenic drive?

The answer may be, Yes.

Always Enough Water on Scenic

There is no question that the ground under our famously beautiful Scenic drive is never so dry as the rest of the Monterey peninsula.

But whence arises this secret spring remains, in spite of science,
(Continued on page 16)

COMING EVENTS

"Le Ballet Mecanique," by Fernand Leger, and "Entracte" by Rene Clair, Playhouse, tonight, 8:15 p. m.

"Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," First Theater, Monterey, tonight, Saturday, Sunday, 8:30.

"Out of the Fog," Carmel Theater, tonight and Saturday. Class in Painting, Sculpture, the arts, Carmel Art Institute, Saturday mornings, 9:15 a. m.

Veloz and Yolanda, Sunset School, Oct. 4, 8:30.

Lorita Baker Valley Lectures, beginning Oct. 7, Hotel Del Monte.

THE DOGS DO BARK



Charming SALLY Stern, looking "tres chic" in a red harness and leash, was down from Palo Alto for the week-end with her mistress, Mrs. Louis Stern.

SALLY is quite active in the social and cultural life of the University town for she is mascot of the Boy Scouts and the Children's Library.

She loves to come to Carmel because so many of her Stanford friends vacation here, too, and she can wear her Cardinal red coat with a white Block S, the gift of a former Stanford track captain. When SALLY feels in an especially dashing mood, she wears her Tartan coat of gay plaid. Her pleasant manners and interesting personality have made SALLY a great favorite with the canine citizens of the village.

Another interesting visitor on the Monterey Peninsula is JACQUES BONHOMME de Saint Mars, who is stopping at Del Monte Lodge with his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph de Saint Mars.

JACQUES, a small but very handsome French poodle, is well known in international circles as a Big Game hunter. His latest trip was through Africa, with his master and mistress, in a 12-cylinder Cadillac. They hunted lions from Capetown to the Nile.

Though the fascinating JACQUES is a well-traveled cosmopolitan, he is not blasé. He enjoys everything. In fact he enjoys the Monterey Peninsula so much that he is planning on establishing a home up the Carmel Valley. He would be a most attractive addition to the canine smart set.

Boys take heart! SPATTS Ogden has had her marriage annulled! She found that she and her handsome husband, YANNIGAN Peabody, were incompatible, so she decided to call the whole thing off.

SPATTS was one of the most glamorous and popular of the village belles before she decided to embark on the Sea of Matrimony, leaving a string of broken hearts behind her.

But now SPATTS is once more a Bachelor Girl, leading a life of single blessedness, at the studio of her master, Terry Ogden. She says she will be happy to see her old friends again—so boys, you have another chance to win the little lady's heart!

MICKEY de Packh's friends will be on hand this afternoon to wave a sad and fond farewell to this charming little Irish terrier

as she drives over the hill on her way to Arizona. Her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave de Packh, are leaving with MICKEY to make their permanent home in Tucson.

MICKEY says she will miss the village and the beach and her Carmel friends, especially PATSY Henderson, her fellow countrywoman and favorite playmate. The village also will miss MICKY, the pretty little redhead who was known as "The Girl with the Garbo Eyelashes."

The other afternoon young FOLLY Beesley decided to go off and see the world. She didn't tell her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Beesley, that she was going, but just scampered away without so much as a "by your leave." When Mr. and Mrs. Beesley found that FOLLY had gone, they started out to look for her, but could find no trace of the truant Dalmatian.

They drove all around Carmel until late that night, but couldn't find her. They started out early the next morning to renew the search and as they were passing the Plaza Fuel yard they saw her. There was FOLLY trotting up the road in search of some breakfast. She was very happy to be found, however, and confessed that while seeing the world was an exciting adventure, it was much nicer to be in one's very own home when night came and it grew dark and cold and scary.

Defense Work No Break to Handley

The new business at Junipero and Fourth, known as the Carmel Builders Supply, owned and operated by J. O. Handley, has made strides since opening July 1.

Despite the fact that materials have been more difficult to obtain since the National Emergency, the Carmel Builders Supply has furnished enough materials for 12 residences, and several business houses. Right now, delivery has started for Doc Cooper and J. A. West's "Funland", to be located near Ord Village.

Just in case you're thinking of building, Handley, who was with M. J. Murphy, Inc., many years

New About Ben Adhem Found at Book Shop

Edith Griffin of our Village Shop likes Margaret ("Constant Nymph") Kennedy's new book, "Where Stands a Winged Sentry," diary of recent days in London, and in her enthusiasm Miss Griffin wrote the publishers, the Yale University Press and told them.

This week the circular about "Winged Sentry", which the Yale Press sends to book stores and libraries all over the country, reached Carmel.

There, ahead of not only Booth Tarkington's comment and Clifton Fadiman's but also of Dorothy Canfield's, was our Edith Griffin's. The part of her letter the publishers liked best and used, was:

"Will win friends with its fine sincerity and informality of style."

before going into business for himself, reports that lumber is easier to obtain than it has been, but it is becoming harder and harder to get steel products.

For the news—
Read The Pine Cone.

To the Editor

WE CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! Editor, The Pine Cone:

Dear Sir:

Something should be done to stop a certain device of mischief and cruelty practiced by certain boys on the little goldfish in our city park pond.

These boys catch the goldfish by hand and strip off the beautiful golden scales, then let the fish go. You may see the denuded fish in the pond.

Yours,
A. R. Holloway.

READ THE WANT ADS

Exquisite Flower Figurines

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HOUSE OF CARDS
Ocean and Dolores

DENNY-WATROUS MANAGEMENT Presents

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Sept. 26th, 27th & 28th at 8:30 sharp

Performance over in time to catch Carmel 11 P. M. bus
Tickets 55c, \$1.10, on Sale Stanford's Drug Store

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Stir well with ice, strain into ice cold cocktail glass. A squeeze of lemon rind. Add an olive.

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Man, Escaping from "Nazi" Paris This August, Describes Real Condition of France at Present

(Note: Escaping from Paris only last month, a Frenchman arrived in Carmel one day this week. He has spoken freely on what is really going on today in France and, with the only reasonable agreement that we do not reveal his identity, he has given The Pine Cone this interview. One detail of Monsieur's escape we may however reveal: his passage. He came across the Atlantic in 17 days on a little old boat with 12 cabins. It carried 700 passengers and there were six cases of typhoid when they docked.)

By ELIZABETH PAYNE

A friend has arrived here who, having escaped from Paris in the month of August, 1941, tells us that:

In the occupied zone, misery, privations, the constant irritation of German annoyances, have forged a union of all the French. Ninety per cent of the inhabitants wish for an English victory: it is their only hope of liberation and salvation.

Fear of the Germans is passed; the present doubtfulness of a German victory has sent morale up again. The French hope and in that hope reaction is born. Reprisals and threats feed the courage as can be seen by the current acts of sabotage.

Order to Resist Goes Out

Certain organizations and political parties have transmitted the order to resist, and since the word went out there have been continual slow down strikes, boycotts and sabotage. A list is kept of all industrialists who work with the Germans, of Hitlerian partisans and of other traitors and one day all will pay for their deeds.

At Lille lately, attracted by the 50,000 franc reward for an English parachutist, a million for a saboteur, a woman betrayed the hiding place of three English aviators. At noon the next day she received her 150,000 francs. At 3 o'clock her shop had been destroyed and at a quarter to 6 the Germans, arriving to conduct her to the wholesomeness and safety of Paris, found her dead.

The Germans are draining France of everything with a semblance of value. With France paying Germany 400,000,000 francs a day under the terms of the armistice, the Germans—to the superlative rage of the French—are spending all this money in France, easily paying any price that is asked.

German Morale Low

The morale of the German soldiers is very low. Many are the Germans, both officers and soldiers, who, having been ordered to the Russian front, have committed suicide or have deserted and fled to the unoccupied zone. The majority are openly unhappy at leaving France.

The French population is divided in two, far the greatest number suffering misery and privation with dignity, but several traitors in the pay of the Germans and unscrupulous industrialists are profiteering extravagantly by providing the enemy with everything which they can produce or find.

In Paris misery and want are particularly terrible. Although along the Champs Elysees large cafes, like Le Marignan and Le Colise, are regularly full: they are open by order of the Germans since for 125 or 150 francs you can have an excellent lunch there, two meat dishes, creme chantilly, and that without stamp or ration card.

Exchange value of the dollar is 190 to 225 francs but unfortunately one does not find many dollars in Paris these days.

Smuggling Frenchmen

The great hope of many is to slip into the unoccupied zone. But this is not easy since to do so one must, at seven miles from the border, find a smuggler—who is usually in connivance with the German sentinels—and have him pretend an evasion for between 1000 and 55000 francs. After pocketing the money, the smuggler often shoots the Frenchman in the back.

Allies' property in France has all been tied up, and, if the owner happens to be a Jew, has simply been confiscated. Often gentle

Frenchmen are accused of being Jewish so they may be despoiled.

Killing Germans Easy

The German threat of shooting 10 hostages for every German that is killed has only excited the Communist elements. They have nothing to lose. To kill a German is not dangerous because the French are so well organized. A Frenchman killing a German has nine chances out of ten of escaping.

This type of reprisal by the Germans is really a good thing for the French, it seems. The grief and rage of the population is thereby fanned and the idea of revolution comes that much nearer realization.

On the walls of many towns where official announcements of the German reprisals have been posted, the next day one sees: "For every Frenchman shot, we will kill 10 Germans."

Other French signs announced, "Go ahead and kill us, it will only bring revolt so much the sooner."

Who was responsible?

A clandestine French radio, which broadcasts from time to time, maybe once a week, sometimes every two or three days, repeats and encourages the spreading of such statements regularly, fearlessly and with a certain mischievous Gallic delight.

Unoccupied France

The attempt against Laval raised great joy in the hearts of all the French. It is generally believed that Darlan will have his turn, and perhaps soon, for he is the most detested man in France. Marshal Petain, in spite of the pep of his 84 years, is considered to be an old man who has tried but failed.

No one understands Weygand. Before the desertion of the African troops, during one of his visits, he told certain people that he had decided to defend French interests, even taking up arms against the Germans if necessary. He asked officers and men to have confidence in him and not to seek to complicate his task of trying to join General de Gaulle's forces. Now he complains that he is too old to combat the authorities, and many of his officers bear him a grudge.

Morale in the unoccupied zone is worse than that of the occupied zone. Each French family in the unoccupied territory is hoping

daily to see the return of its son or parents, held prisoner in Germany, and this makes them grovel and capable of any compromise with the Germans.

The misery is intense here. Eighty per cent of all the African produce unloaded at Marseilles is requisitioned by the German commissions there and in Toulons, and the lack of transportation and gasoline makes it impossible to

move food supplies. Thousands of tons of tomatoes have rotted in Pyrenees orientales (adjoining Spain) because it was impossible to transport them more than 20 miles from their place of culture. It is the same everywhere.

Petaun's fine sounding decrees are dead letters, my informant said, and the new administration is no better than that of the disgraced leaders of the collapse.

Beach Lot, Close In

There are only four lots right in the beach which are available singly. They are \$3,750 and \$4,000 each. The \$4,000 lots have wider views. All are good. But, only four.

The freshness of the beach with our superb sweep of shore-line are here to be had.

Elizabeth McElung White

Telephone 171

Realtor

Carmel Boys Like (and Keep) Banker's Hours

By DAWN OVERHULSE

This is National Newspaper Boys' Week. Carmel may well look upon this seven-day section of the year with interest, for the village newsboys are probably the most unusual in the world.

Remember how son-pecked fathers used to tell their incredulous men-children about getting up in the dark, damp morning and setting forth to bear the brunt of the tearing blizzard, collecting their still damp newspapers 'neath the lashings of a tyrannical city editor, and then standing for hours on a bleak street corner, papers clutched in their frozen little hands, and all the time yelling Wuxtry, wuxtry."

Then after selling each and every paper, home go the future steel magnates and Wall street tycoons to give Mama the handful of shining coppers, so that the family may eat for the rest of the week.

The story of a Carmel newsboy is slightly different. He appears on the scene anywhere from 10 to 12 o'clock a. m. After getting the editor cowed into obeisance, he decides to take maybe—ten papers. There is of course, no set number, it all depends on how many motion pictures are to be

seen over the week-end.

Don't look for a newsboy on the streets uptown, for there seems to be some kind of a union rule forbidding the selling of papers any place but in front of the Post Office. It's so much more sociable there with all the people and dogs.

Whatever enthusiasm the boys lack as far as work is concerned may be partially compensated by the extraordinary manner in which they make sure that their time will not be wasted. No, our boys have devised a system where each boy may sell three and even four different newspapers at the same time, so that on emerging from the post office, you may be accosted with a piece of double talk that sounds like: Pinecone-cymballarkherald?"

Perhaps these boys are destined to take the roles of forgotten men, but it seems to me more likely they are to be doomed to a more formidable fate—such as being more successful, for instance, than the most fortunate of their fathers ever boasted he was.

Captain and Mrs. Frederick Heddens and their daughter, Fern, will return from their 15-day vacation on Oct. 1.

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Ocean Avenue

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Carmel

Carmel Is Scene of New Start in Camouflage

In a trailer replete with gadgets their lively minded inventor has not taken time to patent, two dignified men are playing with a ten-cent toy truck.

The trailer's owner is Martin Gambee, New York artist wintering at El Rio Carmelo, and his "playmate" is Lt. Col. Leon L. Kotzebue of Casanova street. They are working on secrets important to national defense.

What they would like to do is make this little tin truck look like a tree so that they can turn all those towering trucks and little "jeeps" out at Fort Ord or patiently navigating the highways, likewise into trees and bushes.

Kotzebue and Gambee are the same pair who last winter gained fame for the gaily spotted uniforms they designed for the infantry.

Gambee, who is naturally the one responsible for the color end of the business, has been off painting Indians in New Mexico all spring and summer and has come back to Carmel, his second home, with a fat bundle of both oils and watercolors. Between seances in his camouflage work, Gambee is painting a watercolor series in his strong, original type of typical scenes around Fort Ord.

Butterflies Have Tricks—He outlines a few principles of camouflage as follows: You can either work on the theory of rendering the object deceptive, the way most insects are disguised, or you can try to make it look like something it isn't. Some butterflies are colored on this principle as for instance, those brown butterflies, popularly called Vanessas, that have big black spots at the bottom of their wings. Believe it or not, those spots look like wicked owls' eyes to some creatures and they give the Vans a great deal of privacy.

Gambee is working on both principles with his truck. While he wants to make it appear something it isn't, he also hopes to have a good proportion of its bulk seem to sink into the surrounding terrain.

Following the clues of insects and animals, he knows the way to do this is to break up the area and paint the various sections in closely harmonizing colors which are of course as near as possible to those of the earth and local vegetation. These tones vibrate together, pick up light from the surroundings with the result that the whole object seems to disappear into the general shimmer of the landscape. Because of the intricate natural harmony of all landscapes, a truck, if it is well camouflaged for green grass, will be equally inconspicuous on brown.

Camouflage More Subtle Now—Present-day camouflage proceeds along far more subtle lines than it did for the last war. Twenty-five years ago the art had only advanced to the point of breaking up spaces, the contrasts between colors in adjoining areas was violent rather than harmonious, which accounted for all those gaudy, zig-zag painted ships during 1916.

Another development which makes this almost a new art, says Gambee, is the discovery that a

color camera spots camouflage which looks perfectly normal to the human eye. The camera shows up the difference in texture, completely upsetting the crude deceptions that used to get by.

And this isn't Gambee's only fountain of knowledge: he is an inveterate inventor. He has made everything in his trailer except the shell and once he invented some folding garden furniture which he has patented.

But all these activities are simply fancies to Gambee, the artist who is a real artist, as is proved by the fact that when he exhibits in New York the Times' art critic covers it in person. Gambee's latest exhibit, however, was in the Santa Fe Art Museum a few weeks ago, before his return to Carmel.

Ewig Hasn't Sold Yet, Teetering

(Continued from page 1) will occupy some of his time, but it would seem unlikely that anyone as active in civic affairs as he will ever go into complete retirement.

He has served a four-year term as chairman of the school board and at present is vice-commander of the Carmel American Legion Post, and also a director of the Carmel Business Association.

"One thing is certain," Ewig says, "Sale or no sale, I would never leave Carmel for any reason whatever."

Here from Berkeley, Madge Saunders is about town this week. While here, she is houseguest of Mrs. Robert Blake.

White, Miller Are Scout Masters

(Continued from page 1)

over, the annual drive for Boy Scout funds is progressing with great success.

Eight hundred dollars have been raised in four weeks, and the quota for the drive, which will continue for at least again twice that long, is only \$2200.

Everett Smith, who became temporary drive leader upon the recent death of its chairman, John Schroeder, will continue in the office. He gave tribute today to Schroeder's enthusiasm and industry for the splendid start of this year's campaign.

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STEINBECK'S FAMOUS GUESTS

Corporals Lawrence Brady and Howard Lindegugel, of Co. C., 32nd Infantry, are still talking about the two strangers who invited them to dinner after a casual meeting in a Carmel restaurant.

Not until they accepted the invitation a few days later did they know that their host and hostess were none other than Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbeck.

PARTY FOR TWO-YEAR-OLD

Big and little relatives of David Tobiasen gathered at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mitty Tobiasen, last Sunday afternoon, to wish a "happy birthday" to young David.

The Carmel Pine Cone

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CARLOS DRAKE, Editor

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CARMEL THEATRE

FRIDAY - SATURDAY

John Garfield - Ida Lupino

— in —

"Out of the Fog"

— and —

Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra
Bert Wheeler - Phil Reagan

— in —

"Las Vegas Nights"

SUN. - MON. - TUES.

Wallace Beery - Marjorie Main,
Leo Carrillo

— in —

"Barnacle Bill"

MARCH OF TIME
(THUMBS UP TEXAS)

The Pine Cone



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4:05 p. m.
5:05 p. m.
6:05 p. m.
7:30 p. m.
8:45 p. m.
9:45 p. m.
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Variety to Spice Veloz-Yolanda Show Oct. 4

Variety is to be the keynote of the program which Veloz and Yolanda, among the world's greatest exhibition dancers, will present when they appear in the Sunset School auditorium under Denny-Watrous management Saturday night, Oct. 4.

There will be numbers which are swift and gay, others that are tender and serious and some that are rollickingly humorous, all presented in the warm, personal manner for which this outstanding team is famous.

Veloz and Yolanda are as interesting off the stage as they are behind the footlights.

Veloz composes music, and is something of an amateur photographer. Yolanda's beauty would make her outshining anywhere. Though slight in stature she says she "feels tall," and her superb carriage manages to convey this impression to her audiences.

But the main interest of the talented pair outside of their dancing is a son who has just reached the age of a year and one month. They keep in touch with him while on tour by telephone although the baby has to use a "stand-in."

Tickets for their appearance here are on sale at Lial's music shops here and in Monterey.

Warm-hearted Kiddies Give up Pet to Invalid

The days of generosity and chivalry are not dead. They were brought back to life this week by three big-hearted Carmel kiddies: Roger, 12, Nelson, 11, and Carole Byers, 6, children of Mrs. Laud Byers of Jack's Peak.

The peninsula has been very busy during the past few days trying to find a cat to take the place of an invalid's pet that had died. But, up to a few days ago, the search had seemed hopeless.

Then the three small Byers learned of the needed cat, and why it was so desperately wanted, and right away they decided to make a big sacrifice. Amongst their pets was a large cat that had always been their favorite, and that cat just fitted the description of the one sought. And so the next day, hard as it was for them to part with a pet, they sent the cat to its new owner, thus supplying an ending for one perfect human interest story. As William Saroyan would say, "These Beautiful People."—D. O.

WM. GAIL WHITE ENLISTS—

The call of the Army was too much for William Gail White, but this time he joined up at Fort Ord instead of with the Marine Corps.

SUNSET CAFETERIA MENU September 29-October 3

MONDAY — Chicken noodle soup, peas, macaroni and cheese, Hawaiian salad, prune upside down cake.

TUESDAY — Vegetable chowder, carrots, porcupines, combination salad, ice cream.

WEDNESDAY — Cream of celery soup, Swiss chard, baked beans, pear and cottage cheese salad, canteloupe.

THURSDAY — String beans, hot dogs, molded fruit salad, ice cream.

FRIDAY — Split pea soup, corn-on-the-cob, potatoes au gratin, buttered carrot salad, jello.

where he had previously spent seven years. Son of Dr. and Mrs. Willis G. White of Carmel, Private White was born here and has lived here ever since his marriage. Last winter White disappeared for some time, causing his wife, mother and children great anxiety. However, he returned home and it was thought at the time that he had been a victim of amnesia.

Ocean Avenue Crash: Driver and Wall Both Injured

A lot of things can happen when your wires get crossed. An old saying, perhaps, but never a truer one found A. B. Sims, colored car-washer, in the wee hours of Monday morning.

While Sims was coming down the Ocean avenue hill, the wires on his car short-circuited and out went the lights. Reaching under the dashboard with one hand to find the offending wires, Sims failed to recognize the country at the bottom of the hill. Instead of drawing to the right side of the street division as he should have, he hit the stone buttress, smashing in the front of his car and also damaging the wall. As Sims hit his steering wheel, several rocks from the wall hit the pavement.

Sims, thought not to be seriously injured at first, was taken to the fire house where first aid was administered.

He was later taken to the Peninsula Community Hospital by Dr. R. A. Kocher where further examination proved the injuries to be more complicated. He had suffered both chest and internal damage.

CARMEL PADRES OUT TO BEAT HOLLISTER TODAY—

Encouraged by the narrow margin by which they lost their first game to Pacific Grove (7-0) the Carmel Padres will today journey to Hollister and step into the game a much better and much wiser team.

Twenty-two boys will be there with the hope to push through to a victory under the guidance of their acting captain, DeWitt Appleton, and through the wisdom of Coach Mosolf.

The game will start at 3:30 p. m.

Damo Home Again! Menus Begin Oct. 3

Damo Vuleich, Carmel's most distinguished culinary expert, is back in town!

And that means his widely read column, "Pick Up Your Knife and Fork," will once more become a regular feature of The Pine Cone, starting next week.

While Carmel housewives struggled this summer to put variety in their menus without the aid of his recipes, Damo was busy managing the resort owned by Dr. Henry Murphy of Salinas, at Slate Springs.

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EDITORIALS

A BUSINESS THAT WAS DIFFERENT

(Continued)

By CARLOS DRAKE

XI

POLICE PROBLEMS

In my business in Paris, in the 1920s, I had to depend frequently on the cooperation of the police and became personally acquainted with several high-ranking officials. I developed a sincere admiration for this organization, which seemed to me then superior to the Green Police of Germany or England's Scotland Yard. It was, in a sense, a reserve unit of the army, and you know, even up until the beginning of 1940, how greatly we respected the French military forces. I have wondered about it since the fall of France. I remember now certain details...

A lady once remarked to me that she thought the handsomest men in Paris were policemen. She was correct. Those d'Artagnans on the street corners whom American tourists insisted on calling gendarmes (they were agents; the gendarmes were mounted police and had different duties) were mostly from the provinces and in no way resembled the tubercular type of Parisian. They were a fine body of men, quick, strong and intelligent. The American Legion will remember how well it was treated during its Paris convention.

The police were, I think, exceptionally tolerant of us. Many visitors from the United States arrived with the attitude, "We won the war, you know," and weren't very charming about it. The police were very efficient in handling several mob demonstrations that I witnessed, and I was impressed by the fact that few unnecessary arrests were made. In America we had a habit of lugging in radical leaders whenever possible, thereby making martyrs of them. "What in hell do we care what their followers think?" was the reply given me by a compatriot to whom I mentioned this. I have always believed the French were wiser in this respect.

But where they were unwise and extremely inefficient was in traffic regulation. (Carmel police may be encouraged). The traffic problem was growing intense in Paris by 1926, largely because of the lack of parking space. There existed only one traffic light as I remember—on the Place de l'Opera—and at other congested places agents stood, blowing whistles and waving their arms in an ineffectual manner.

About this time Monsieur Chiappe, the Prefet, sent a delegation to London to study British traffic methods. They returned and made a horrible mess of what they'd digested. It was said that an English bobby had been commissioned to stand at a Paris intersection and show how things should be done, and that he had been shortly sent home on a stretcher. I know that various signals were tried out without any effect. Once I saw something on the Place de la Concorde I shall never forget. Three agents were stationed at the head of the rue Royale, one to govern traffic crossing the square, the other two, facing each other, to check the stream of cars coming from the rue de Rivoli, on one side, and the Avenue Gabriel in front of the Crillon Hotel on the other. It looked for a moment as though they were succeeding. The first agent had stopped all traffic in back of him, from the Champs-Elysees and the Pont de la Concorde, and was letting the rue Royale stream go by. The other two had stopped their traffic completely. Then the first agent suddenly blew his whistle, and his two confreres, as though that were a signal for them to act, likewise blew their whistles simultaneously. The result was bedlam. All cars from four quarters rushed in to meet each other. Taxis, in their usual hurry to avoid private cars, collided head-on. Busses jammed into vehicles in front of them, wedging them firmly in the tangle. There was an immediate uproar of striking bumpers, buckling fenders, grinding brakes, shouts, yells, curses, and over all a terrific tooting of horns.

The first agent continued to blow his whistle automatically, while the other two dropped theirs and stood aghast, hemmed in themselves by the jam. Finally one of them detached himself, and, going to the corner, gazed in horrified wonder at what he had helped to bring about. Then he sat down on the curb, shrugged his shoulders, and put his head in his hands.

Oh, those cab drivers!

The police could never control the taxi-chauffeurs by traffic regulations. The cabbies scorned such things, and it would have been dangerous for an agent to hold up his hand to them anywhere

POETRY



EXILE

And now I go from water, from the sound
Which has caressed me through the nights and days
My feet will turn to bitter, arid ways—
And sometimes stand quite still on desert ground
Because a wind through dusty palms has sighed
Like sleepy water on an ebbing tide.

—GILEAN DOUGLAS.



SONG AT THE RISE OF THE FULL MOON

She comes in robes of serge and silk
Above round hills half crystalline
To flood the heavens with her milk,
To drown the dark lands with her wine.

The river rides no ripple now,
Suspended in idolatry;
The bird is silent in the bough,
The bough is silent in the tree.

She comes arrayed, in her design
An apparition, warm and white,
And beautiful as milk and wine,
And I am given to the night.

—CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN.



NEW RECRUITS

We cannot smile to watch them march away,
We, who remember Argonne and Verdun—
There is no word that we would speak to stay
Their eager feet, or chill the novel fun
Of bearing arms; we know how rifles feel
Between the hands—the ruthless leaden shock
That numbs the shoulder when the crackling steel
Rips cleanly home—we heard the planets rock
In Hades once; our wounds are witness still.
These are our sons, proud shield of liberty—
Unblemished lads, joined now as one vast will,
Whose blended strength guards land and sky and sea.

Yet if we fail to smile when they march by
Forgive grim eyes—for we have seen youth die.

—GRETCHEN PAGE JONES.



WHEN I DESPAIR

My dreams are shelterless and I am raw
With buffetings and cudgelings until
I have lain long upon the woodfolk's straw,
And drunk deep of the fullness woodfolk spill.

The pulse that raced in protest to the beat
Of pounding anger, the leap of quickened blood
Rebel no more; singly, I own defeat,
And heal my wounds with the balm of a wood.

When I despair of kindness in my kind,
And the light dies in word and book and song,
I, hoping yet, leave man's vileness behind,
And for a green-spaced interval belong
In the precincts of redwood, locust, oak,
With simple, honest, homely, gentlefolk.

—ALEX R. SCHMIDT.



FICTION

except in the business district. There was no speed law in Paris, and these eccentric devils careened in and out of traffic as though in some desperate race.

Most Paris taxi-drivers, like the concierges, maintained an autocracy of their own. They were as independent and arrogant as ancient buccaneers, whom, indeed, they frequently resembled. They would pass you by if you didn't happen to be going in the direction they preferred. They would never stop for you during their lunch hours. They were "impossible" late at night, even if you were prepared to pay double-fare and an exorbitant tip. You'd have to tip them well if you were an American (they'd spot your nationality at once) otherwise you'd listen to a barrage of insults that would flabbergast you, and perhaps have some sous hurled in your face. They always drove like madmen. It seemed to be their delight in wet weather to show you how neatly they could skid around slipper corners. Yet there was on compensation, their fare was quite reasonable compared to fares in England or America. For five francs (20c) you could go to almost any part of Paris, and it was often cheaper, if there were several of you, to ride with them rather than take a bus or the subway, since there was no extra charge for more than one passenger.

Occasionally you might encounter better types of drivers who owned their own cars and were not employed by a cab company. There was a Russian gentleman who lived near me in a handsome apartment for which he paid a pre-war rent and who made his living by driving his own cab at night. It was a shiny, new cab; he kept it in the lobby of the ground floor of his apartment building, and when driving it, wore a grey linen duster, black kid gloves, and an old-fashioned motoring cap. I took one of the wildest rides of my experience with him one evening. He told me he always drove as fast as he could so as to save time and be free to pick up more fares. He was a general and had once commanded a division in the Tsar's army, and said that he didn't particularly enjoy his present work. I thanked him for getting me safely to my destination and declared I'd walk home.

Another driver, whom I had painstakingly assured that I didn't have to make a train or see a fire, was taking me along one of the Grand Boulevards in a very leisurely fashion, when he suddenly spied an old comrade on the sidewalk. He immediately pulled up to the curb, and, climbing out, disappeared in a cafe. I waited, a little surprised, and, when he failed to return after a few minutes, got out myself and saw him inside, drinking at a bar, with his arm around his friend's shoulder, utterly oblivious of me. I waited a little longer, then, laying five francs on the front seat, went along to hail another cab, wondering if it didn't distract these fellows to drive slowly.

One of the most annoying things was the French horn, which all taxis used. There being no stop signs, it was necessary to blow one's horn at every crossing, and it created a terrific din. The Prefet tried to curb it somewhat by forbidding anyone to signal thus between 1 and 6 o'clock in the morning, but that was very small relief. I had a friend who was writing a novel in a little hotel room in Montmartre. His window overlooked the Place Blanche, where a street fair was in progress, and the steam from the merry-go-round floated up in front of the red sails of the Moulin Rouge and gave a weird effect. And his book was called "Hell's Paradise" and he was having delirium-tremens and at such times he thought the taxi horns were mocking him. "There is something ghastly about that toot-ensemble," he told me. Every time I hear a French horn now I think of him, and the memory is associated in my mind with the ruffians who generally operated Paris cabs. I can see them still, bewhiskered and fierce-looking in their battered old Renaults. And I only hope there are some of them left to drive the Nazis around.

A dinner with the police

There was a travel manager in Paris named Buffa. He had once been a member of the police, and when he spoke of those days, a tone of authority would spring into his voice and his eyes would harden. He was a large, confident man who knew all the pitfalls in the travel business, and whose advice was often valuable to me. He generously offered to introduce me to some of his friends at headquarters, "just in case you need a bit of influence, vous savez." At his suggestion I subscribed to an organization for indigent policemen known as the Societe Amicale et de Prevoyance de la Prefecture de Police, and received a copper medallion, an impressive certificate, and a card stating

A Business That Was Different

that I was a *membre bienfaiteur perpetuel*, which, it was explained to me, would prove useful should I commit a traffic violation. But I wanted more than that. So Buffa invited me to a dinner he had arranged at which several important police officials would be present.

There were four of them, good-looking, energetic men, veterans of the army, chevaliers of the Legion d'Honneur, and each a possessor of a law degree, a requisite of their advanced positions.

I should explain that there were three separate police organizations in France, cooperating with each other: the Prefecture, which handled police all over the country (of which the Gendarmerie Nationale was a unit) the Prefecture of the Seine, which was in charge of Paris; the Surete, which was the secret police of France, comparable to our Treasury Department Intelligence and the F. B. I. At the dinner were Monsieur Dallier, Sous Prefet of the Prefecture of Police; the chief of the Surete; the Prefet de la Seine; and the President of the Municipal Council. They were excellent company and I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

We met in a private dining-room of a fashionable restaurant on the Avenue Victor Hugo, owned by one of Buffa's relatives. The meal was delicious; our wines were worthy of an emperor's table. The restaurant owner had decided that he, too, might need "a bit of influence."

Being a foreigner, and in the tourist business, I was naturally plied with questions concerning my countrymen. A young woman of some social importance, whom I had known in Chicago, had recently made a complaint about a certain establishment in Montmartre where she had seen a floor show that had shocked her sensibilities. She had insisted that the police close the place immediately.

"What did you tell her?" I asked.

"That we would attend to it, of course."

"You don't mean—"

"Hah! Hah! M'sieu, if we commenced to shut places in Paris—"

"But where is it?" someone inquired.

"Near the rue Pigalle."

"What was she doing there?"

"We asked her that, but she didn't appreciate our question."

"Will you tell me," remarked one of the guests, "why so many of your nice Americans visit places in Paris where nice French people wouldn't be seen?"

I tried to explain it was merely curiosity. Yet I knew that it was a tendency on the part of my countrymen to do things in Paris they would never dream of doing at home. One had to understand our life in the United States, with its monotonies and prohibitions, to grasp why we acted as though we were bottled up in our atmosphere, and the cork was released the moment we set foot on French shores.

"You do not allow prostitution in America?" asked Monsieur Dallier.

"No, it is forbidden."

"But it exists, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Certainly."

"That's ridiculous!"

"Perhaps."

"It is, M'sieu. You permit your gangsters to grow rich from an industry that *must* exist."

"We do not believe it must."

"Then you do not believe in poverty?"

"We are trying to overcome that."

"*Alors*, then you should concentrate on it instead of trying to prohibit its effects. Now if you would only try to control these things you do not like—"

"Well, I know that prostitution in France is a business. But most Americans don't understand it that way."

"Not even when they pay to examine it?" asked Monsieur le Sous-Prefet.

Our dinner progressed with considerable talk about American customs as opposed to French, about the misguided ideas most tourists had about Paris. The police officials spoke of Americans as terrific drinkers, and I explained that Prohibition had much to do with this. I knew that many had arrived, *bien pompette*, as the French described their condition, and would depart in a similar balmy state. The American Hospital at Neuilly was often occupied by numerous young men and women, who required treatment for transatlantic binging before they could experience the delights of the city.

I remarked how impressed I had been on several occasions by the intelligence and tact with which the police treated my countrymen. "Once outside a cafe," I said, "I noticed a young fellow

up one of those trees with an iron grille around it. Two agents sauntered up to take a look at him. He was perched on a branch, gaily imitating a rooster. Did they arrest him? No, they merely shrugged their shoulders, and said, "*Alors, c'est un Americain!*"

"But we do not arrest people for being happy!"

"That's fortunate. Sometimes we do in the States."

"Well, we hear of unpleasant cases, naturally. An American was reported to be lighting his cigaret with a hundred franc note in a cabaret. A *cocotte* slapped his face, and the *garcon* refused to serve him. He wanted us to shut up the place."

"That wouldn't occur often."

"Decidedly not. But, you know, we do get many reports. However, we admire many of your countrymen."

I was told about how these police officials admired Ambassador Herrick. Apparently, in 1914, when the German army was only a few miles from Paris, he had draped the United States flag over the doors of a number of public buildings in Paris, which was something, I am sure, would not have pleased our State Department, had it been known.

We talked on, and ate hugely, and breathed reverently over the vintage wines. The splendid brandy we sipped with our coffee prompted a discussion of liqueurs. I spoke of a contraption which the French author Huysmans had described in his book "A Rebours," consisting of casks attached to an organ, so arranged that as each liquor flowed from a spigot it produced the corresponding sound of a musical instrument. Thus, for example, dry curaco was like a clarinet; Kummel like the oboe; creme de menthe and anisette like cornets and trombones. We followed this idea into an intense argument, finally speculating what liqueur resembled a police whistle. "I know what that is like," declared one of the guests. "It is an American cocktail."

I remarked that I was fond of a cordial called Genesti d'Alps, made about 50 years before at Lyon in which one could taste juniper and which looked very much like Izzara, the honey liqueur from the Basque country, or like yellow Chartreuse.

"You are fond of Chartreuse, M'sieu?" asked the chief of the Surete.

"I love it."

"You mean the true Chartreuse which the monks made before they were driven out of France and took the receipt with them?"

"Yes," I said, "But it is very dear. I saw a bottle of it in a wine shop the other day that was priced at over 2000 francs. I generally buy it by the glass at the Restaurant Marguery."

And I told them how I used to go to Marguery's, the place famous for its sole, with Vincent Sheehan, the writer, and how Jimmy had described the Chartreuse as "moonbeams down one's throat."

"You should try the restaurant where I go," suggested one of the police officials.

"Now, where I buy my wines—" began Buffa. His relative interrupted him. "My chartreuse," he declared, "is the best in all Paris!"

"Ah, then you have some!"

"But certainly! I will show it to you, Messieurs. It is very old. It is very valuable."

He produced three dusty bottles, two of yellow, one of green, uncorked them, and let us each take a sniff.

"Ah! What perfume!"

We tasted a little from the first bottle.

"It is wonderful!" I said feelingly.

"*Mais, c'est merveilleuse!*"

"*C'est delectable!*"

"*C'est parfaite!*"

"But this is better still!" exclaimed one of the guests, sampling a little of the second bottle.

"Give me a suspicion of the green!" said another.

"The first is older."

"I don't believe it, but let me have another taste!"

"Here! Try the green!"

"I prefer the second yellow."

"Ah! One more sip of this!"

"*Mon Dieu!* It is difficult to decide!"

The bottles passed from hand to hand. Buffa smacked his lips and inhaled deeply, while his relative, the restaurant owner, growing white-faced, watched the eager guests down the last drop of about \$250 worth of fine liquor.

You can imagine how I felt, having started all this, very naively. And particularly, when the Sous-Prefet asked me, "And what else did you say you liked, Monsieur Drake?"

(To be continued)

The Crowe's Nest



WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPARTMENT

From a column entitled "Laguna Ticks" by The Beachcomber, which appears in the Laguna Beach Post:

"One Sunday afternoon, several weeks ago, a 35-year-old Laguna Beach divorcee descended upon American Legion hall and picking out an 18-year-old soldier boy from March Field, lured him to her home. The poor little kid (he can walk under her chin without stooping) is from a small Texas town, and this is his first time away from his parents. I don't know how many times he has been in Laguna since that first unfortunate meeting, but I do know that he spent two recent week-ends as her overnight house guest and that she kept him drunk almost from the time of his arrival until his departure, 24 hours later. Even professional ladies of the night have more decency than to treat boys that way. Perhaps I am a bit old fashioned but I would like to see the gal tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail, and a very narrow rail at that. One could hardly expect American Legion members to act so ungallantly toward an attractive blonde but if the Legion Auxiliary would like to undertake the job I'll be glad to furnish them with the woman's name and address."

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

From the Grant's (N. M.) Beacon:

"After spending a few days in Washington, D. C., where she began efforts to get Lorraine to U. S., Mrs. Tarr and children left Washington and arrived in Hereford, Texas spending Sunday in the place of her birth and after visiting the Greens a few days will go to Southern California and make her home to which her husband a British citizen hopes some day to come but until the war is his government will not permit him to leave."

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

From The South Coast News:

"Miss Ruth Cheatham of Los Angeles was a week-end guest in Miss Snider's home."
The breezy type.

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPARTMENT

From The Truro DAILY NEWS:

A TRIBUTE (By E. F. T.)

A wave of regret passed over the town when it was known that Dr. C. C. Archibald had passed away on September 6, 1941. On pleasure bent, the pleasure of parents in visiting their children, Dr. and Mrs. Archibald were in Montreal when the call came. The news cast a shadow over the Sunday evening service in First United Church, when it was announced that Death had again been busy in the ranks of our elders. The arduous task of Sunday School Superintendent was relinquished by Dr. Archibald a year ago, for health reasons. Still lovingly recalled in that capacity the SS sent flowers also the Session.

When Dr. Archibald closed his doors sometime ago a scene from Scripture was recalled, where in demonstrative Eastern fashion, they stood weeping around the death bed of Dorcas, showing the garments she had made for the needy. Said one, "He gave me back my hearing," another "My sight", and so on, while a chorus of dismay has gone up from some elderly patients, who depended on his gentle, skilful treatment for daily comfort.

"They need no candle, neither light of the sun," quoted Rev. W. McN. Matthews, from the pulpit at the funeral. As the words floated out upon the air, the artificial lights, mingled with the September sunshine glinting through the windows, gave point to the Scripture. They touched with glory, the magnificent floral gifts of friends, which surrounded the silent remains.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Lee Crowe,
Carmel, California.

LOVE LETTERS

Thirteen of the very funniest and most curious Love Letters you ever saw. Will make any old maid or bachelor laugh heartily. Price 10 cents a set (coin) postpaid or three sets for 25 cents.

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Fort Ord

OUR ARMY Monterey Presidio

News and Views of the Seventh Division—

Telephone: Carmel 2

Ord Will Move to S. F.'s Golden Gate Park Thurs.

Fort Ord's 15,000 troops will leave for San Francisco next week-end to play a leading part in the Pageant of National Defense to be held in principal cities throughout the country.

Pulling out of the fort on Thursday morning they will go into bivouac in Golden Gate park and remain until Monday in order to give San Franciscans an intimate glimpse of the new citizen army which has become so familiar to us in Carmel.

Highlight of the trip will be the first big military parade Market street's famed "great white way" has seen since World War No. 1.

This will be held on Friday night, starting from the Ferry building at the foot of Market street at 7:15 o'clock. The head of the column will pass the reviewing stand in civic center at 8 o'clock.

Leading the line of march will be General Charles H. White, 7th division commander, and his staff. Next will come the 7th Reconnaissance Troop, then the infantry outfits, and finally the field artillery battalions.

"Open House" will be held at the bivouac area in Golden Gate Park with special exhibits by the 7th Signal company, the 7th Medical battalion and the 7th Quartermaster battalion.

Carmel-staffed Ord Newspaper Has Its First Birthday

Our belated birthday greetings go to the Fort Ord Panorama which last week began its second year of publication.

Editor of the Panorama since its inception has been Lt. Roy Craft and the present advertising manager is Lt. Robert Carr, both of whom live in Carmel.

Up to 7000 free copies of the newspaper are distributed each week and it has earned the reputation of being the finest camp publication in the United States.

H. Q. LOSES TWO—

Two familiar faces were missing this week from the headquarters of the 13th Engineers at Fort Ord!

Lt. Col. A. T. W. Moore, commanding officer, has left to assume new duties with the construction section, Quartermaster General's office in Washington, D. C.

Capt. John P. Buehler, plans and training officer, has left for Fort Leavenworth, Kans., to attend the Command and General Staff School there.

Latest Thing in Tanks Arrives

No single piece of equipment has caused more excitement at Fort Ord than the arrival this week of 20 of the latest type tanks which have been assigned to the 757th (provisional) tank battalion.

The entire personnel of the battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. William M. Tow, was down at the railroad siding to watch them come in from the Armored Force headquarters at Fort Knox, Ky.

Known officially as M2A4s, the tanks are the first of their kind to be received by any California Army post, and drivers' schools are now being organized to familiarize the men with them.

The tanks weigh 12½ tons and are capable of speeds of 40 to 45 miles an hour on the highway. They carry a crew of four and are armed with a 37 mm cannon in addition to .30 and .50 caliber machine guns.

HORSES HOLD THEIR PLACE AT ORD AS TANKS MOVE INTO COUNTRY'S FORTS—

Fort Ord will soon be able to boast that it has exactly half of the horse-drawn field artillery units remaining in the United States Army as motorization continues to reduce the number.

The 112th Field Artillery will trade old Dobbin for a truck the end of this year and that will leave only the 74th, 75th and 76th field artillery battalions at Fort Ord, and the 70th, 71st and 83rd field artillery battalions at Fort Sill, Okla., to withstand the onslaught being made by the machine age.

COL. SCOTT CAN'T OBEY—HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL—

Col. William R. Scott, chief of staff of Third Army Corps, was ordered to Oregon State College this week where he will be professor of military science and tactics.

But the orders found the colonel confined to the Fort Ord hospital where he recently underwent a minor operation on his hand and it will be at least two weeks before he is able to take up his new duties.

NANCIE SPENCER TO SING—

The public is invited to be present at an informal recital to be given by Miss Nancie Spencer, student soprano, on Oct. 5.

Miss Spencer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Spencer, is being presented to the public for the first time by her vocal instructor, Mr. John Burr.

The program, which will be given at the Greenroom Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock, will include arias by Bizet and Verdi, as well as art songs by well known masters.

SHORT WAVE LETTERS HOME

Keeping touch with the folks back home has become a comparatively simple matter for many of the soldiers at Fort Ord now that the radio club has been set up in the Division Athletic and

SERGEANT RESCUES CHILD

Peace has its heroes no less than war, and one of these is Master Sergeant Edward Dawson of the 47th Engineers, whose rescue of a six-year-old child from possible drowning gained the commendation of Col. Roger S. Fitch, Fort Ord post commander this week.

Sgt Dawson happened to be in the vicinity when the child, Donald Dommer, of Seaside, fell overboard from a boat tied near the new wharf in Monterey. Fully clothed, he dived in to save him.

"Your action was commendable and in accordance with the best traditions of the service and of the Corps of Engineers," the post commander wrote.

Eight Chapels to be Opened Today

Though some have not yet been completed, all of Fort Ord's eight new chapels will be symbolically opened by ceremonies to be held today at the edifice assigned to the 17th Infantry, it was announced by Lt. Col. George McMurry, division chaplain.

The chapel will be presented to the post commander, Col. Roger S. Fitch, by Lt. Col. John C. Christophel of the Quartermaster Corps. Major General Charles H. White, 7th division commander, will then cut the ribbons in front of the door before turning it over to Col. Jens A. Doe, commander of the 17th Infantry.

Here to participate with the division chaplains in the religious phases of the ceremony will be William J. Ryan, Fourth Army chaplain; James L. Blakeney, Ninth Corps Area chaplain, and John R. Wright, Third Army Corps chaplain.

Golf, Bowling Loom

Already known far and wide as a golfing center, the Monterey peninsula will have yet another course if plans of Col. Logan W. Boyd, Seventh division morale officer at Fort Ord, materialize.

Col. Boyd, who took over the job only a few weeks ago, will soon start construction on a driving range and if this arouses sufficient interest a nine-hole course will follow.

Also included in the new morale officer's plans is construction of a bowling alley to add zest to the leisure hours of the soldiers.

Recreation Office.

The transmitter puts out 250 watts of power, and operators report contact with stations in all parts of the country.

BALLET ARTS

Classes and Stage Practice in BALLET - MODERN DANCE CLARE LAUCHE, Director

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Carmel Better See Seventh Division, San Jose Game

It looks as though the Seventh Division football team will have to rely on civilian rooters from Carmel and other parts of the peninsula for support when they play their first game against San Jose State College at San Jose, Oct. 3, for the date coincides with the big parade in San Francisco.

Individually, Coach "Snowy" Gustafson, of Carmel, has great confidence in his men, many of whom have won their spurs on college and professional gridirons, but he's making no predictions until he sees them work as a team.

Practice is now being conducted at the Del Monte polo fields, which have been placed at the disposal of the Army for this purpose.

The remainder of the schedule follows:

Oct. 11—Camp Haan at Riverside.

Oct. 18—Camp Mather (Sacramento air depot) at Los Angeles.

Oct. 25—Open date.

Nov. 2—Portland University at Portland, Ore.

Nov. 11—San Luis Obispo at Coliseum, Los Angeles.

Nov. 15—California Ramblers (U. of C., 2nd team) at Berkeley.

Nov. 23—Moffett Field at Kezar Stadium, S. F.

Nov. 30—San Francisco University at Kezar Stadium.

PVT. GOLDSTEIN FIRST—

Distinction of being the first couple to be married in the 17th Infantry chapel, just completed at Fort Ord, went to Pvt. Louis Goldstein, Co. G, 53rd infantry, and the former Mae Gregory of Los Angeles. Chaplain Norman E. Edwards officiated.

ORD "OPEN HOUSE" OCT. 19—

Plans will be completed next week for a Visitors Day to be held at Fort Ord on Sunday, Oct. 19, it was announced yesterday by Major S. Zobel, Seventh division press relations officer.

"Open House" will be held throughout the huge cantonment and thousands of friends of officers and men as well as the general public will be given an opportunity to see for themselves how the men of America's modern Army live, work and play.

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Carmel Chest Drive Well Underway

Appointment of sub-committee chairmen, and a rally luncheon at the Pine Inn marked progress this week of organization in Carmel for the annual Community Chest drive to be held throughout the peninsula, Oct. 13 to 29.

Chairman for Carmel is Mrs. A. M. Allan and appointed to assist her were the following sub-committee chairmen:

Harrison Godwin, business district; Mrs. James Doud, Hatton Fields; Mrs. Ray Brownell, Mission Tract; Mrs. Tom Mulvin, residential district south, and Mrs. Betty Carr, residential district north, which includes Carmel Woods district.

At a meeting Monday in the Pine Inn, Robert Stanton, president of the Community Chest, outlined details of the entire campaign program and complimented Mrs. Allan on the preliminary work which has already been accomplished in Carmel.

Stanton reported that similar enthusiasm was being shown in all parts of the peninsula and announced that this year's drive will be known as "The Red Feather" campaign.

He explained that it was the intention of the Chest to present a red feather to every person who contributed, no matter what the size of the donation.

"I want to see a red feather in every coat lapel in Carmel during the weeks of the campaign," he concluded.

Agencies of the Chest among which campaign funds will be budgeted are the Associated Catholic Charities, the Salvation Army, the Monterey Community Center, the Free School Milk Fund, the Monterey Recreation Center, the Girl Scouts, and the Boy Scouts of Monterey and Pacific Grove.

The next meeting of the Carmel committees will be held at the Pine Inn on Wednesday, according to Kit Whitman, manager of the peninsula-wide campaign.

DONNAN WEDS SOON—

Donnan Jeffers and his fiancée, Miss Patricia Grant, left for Zanesville, Ohio, last Thursday, where they will be married almost any day now.

CHURCHES

ALL SAINTS CHURCH PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL



'A House of Prayer for All People' Monte Verde between Ocean and Seventh Street

Rev. C. J. Hulsewé

SUNDAY SERVICES

8 a. m. Holy Communion
9:30 a. m., Church School
11 a. m., Morning Prayer and Sermon

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

First Church of Christ, Scientist
Carmel

Monte Verde St., one block North of Ocean Ave., between 5th & 6th
Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11 a. m.

Wednesday Evening meeting 8 p. m.
Reading Room:
Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde
Open Week Days 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Open Every Evening Except
Wednesdays and Sundays, 7 to 9
Public Cordially Invited.

Churches . . .

CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER

At the Church of the Wayfarer on Sunday morning the new hymnals will be used for the first time, and will be dedicated to the glory of God and the service of His Church. The book selected is "The Pilgrim Hymnal," a happy title for the Church of the Wayfarer. It has been compiled by a group of scholars in hymnody under the chairmanship of Dean Luther A. Weigle. In addition to the great hymns of the Church, both ancient and modern, it includes litanies, prayers and responsive readings as aids to public and private worship. Dr. James E. Crowther, the Pastor, will preach the dedicatory sermon on the theme: "The Romance of Immortal Hymns." Margaret Sherman Lea as guest organist will play the following organ selections: "Vision," Rheinberger; "Poeme," Fibich; "Cantabile," Franck; "Carillon," Rogers. The service begins at 11. Visitors are cordially invited.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH

Next Sunday, National Youth Sunday, 8 a. m.—Service of the Holy Communion. At 9:30 a. m.—Junior Church and School with classes for young people of all ages. At 11 a. m.—the service of Morning Prayer, with special message for young people of all ages. Offertory anthem: "How Lovely Are the Messengers," Felix Mendelssohn, with the full Vested Choir participating in the anthem and service of worship.

On Monday, Sept. 29, the Day of St. Michael and All Angels—10:30 a. m., the Service of the Holy Communion. On Thursday, Oct. 2, at 12:30 p. m., Luncheon of the Women's Auxiliary; speaker, Mrs. Norman McComas, President of the Diocesan Auxiliary: "Women in Action". Luncheon reservations to be phoned to Carmel 230.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

In all Christian Science churches, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., a Lesson-Sermon will be read Sunday, Sept. 28, on the subject "Reality."

The Golden Text will be: "Behold I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind" (Isa. 65: 17). Bible selections will include the following passage from Colossians 3: 1, 2: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."

Passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will also be included, which read as follows: "We must look deep into realism instead of accepting only the outward sense of things. The conceptions of mortal, erring thought must give way to the ideal of all

"PAINT LIFE OF THE OBJECT," WE ARE TOLD BY FERNAND LEGER

By MARY DRAKE

Bright and early Monday morning I took myself up to the Art Institute to meet and talk with Fernand Leger, the modernist and one-time exponent of what the wits have called "tube-ism."

I found a huge man in a lumberman's jacket and turtle neck sweater with rough chiseled features and a charming manner. He had just finished his first lesson and though he spoke no English, was only too happy to talk while his small blonde wife interpreted.

"What," I asked, "do you expect to accomplish in 15 days of teaching here—how can results be shown in so short a time?"

Leger smiled and told of his theory of modern painting as against the more romantic approach to the subject before the "impressionists" revolted. I gathered that he did not expect to see the results of his teaching in 15 days. But what he wants to plant firmly in the minds of his pupils is the fact that, whereas the subject of the painting used to be considered of prime importance, whether it were sentimentally or dramatically handled, in modern painting the "object" in relation to the subject was of equal importance.

"The life of the object—that is what I want them to see—that is the thing to watch for and paint."

He spoke of his recent classes at Mills College and of American pupils' ability to grasp the lessons.

"They have nothing to unlearn," he said—"they are remarkable."

We talked for a time about the future of painting in this country, on which we are agreed that the golden age of American painting is about to dawn.

Leger has collected around himself an interesting group of local artists and student artists. Paul Mays, Jean McComas, Lee Tevis, Ethel Murray, Bessie Catlin, Royden Martin, Jean Kellogg, Sam Colburn, George Smith, Rama Sterns, and Marie Elizalde, have all joined his classes.

Leger is entranced with America and particularly with our Carmel coast which he finds much like that of his beloved France. He foresees that our great sweeps of varying landscape are bound to have a tremendous effort on the art of the future. Finally the creator of the "Ballet Mecanique" said with a twinkle in his eye—"and your mechanical civilization"

that is perfect and eternal. . . All the real is eternal. Perfection underlies reality. Without perfection, nothing is wholly real" (pp. 129, 260, 353).

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Visiting Instructor until Oct. 5—Fernand Leger
At Carmel Playhouse, tonight, "Le Ballet Mecanique" and "Entracte" by Rene Clair. Price 75c.

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OIL SHOW—

Entries for the new oil exhibit at the Art Gallery must be in not later than 5 o'clock this afternoon if they are to be hung in the showing which starts tomorrow.

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"Barstow"

Hitch-hikers Ballad of the Desert
Sung to New Instrument

By HARRY PARTCH
It's January 26. I'm freezing.
Ed Fitzgerald, Age 19. Five
feet, ten inches.
Black hair, brown eyes.
Going home to Boston, Massa-
chusetts.
It's 4:00, and I'm hungry and
broke.
I wish I was dead.
But today I am a man.
The scribbling is in pencil. It is
on one of the white highway rail-
ings just outside the Mojave Des-
ert junction of Barstow, Califor-
nia. I am walking along the high-
way and sit down on the railing to
rest.

Idly I notice the scratches where
I happen to drop. I have seen
many hitch-hikers' writings. They
are usually just names and ad-
resses—there are literally mil-
lions of them, or little meaningless
obscurities, on highway signs, rail-
ings, walls.

But this—why, it's music. It's
both weak and strong, like uned-
ited human expressions always
are. It's eloquent in what it fails
to express in words. And it's epic.
Definitely, it is music.

Intrigued, I look further along
the same rail, and immediately
see another inscription:

Gentleman: Go to 530 East
Lemon Avenue, Monrovia,
California, for an easy hand-
out.

Though we may be hungry, we
are still presumed to be "Gentle-
men." A third inscription is right
beside it:

Marie Blackwell, age 19.
Brown eyes, brown hair.
Considered Pretty.
118 East Ventura Street,
Las Vegas, Nevada.
Object: Matrimony.

And at this "Lonely Hearts
Club" of US 66 Marie gets a bite:

Dear Marie: A very good idea
you have there . . .

The message doesn't end. Why?
There is only one thing that
would distract a hitch-hiker from
romance on such desert wastes.
Yes, a ride. And one potential hus-
band is snatched right out of Ma-
rie's grasp.

It takes a little pondering to
understand the next inscription.
It is legible enough, but what do
all these marks mean? There are
five successive dates, and figure
1's in groups of five crossed off
after each date, as though some-
one were keeping score.

Suddenly it dawns. This one has
waited five days for a ride out of
Barstow, and he scores each refus-
ing car on the rail as it passes.
But it is finally too much, and the
hitcher ends his tally with:

To h— with it. I'm going to
walk.

I look off to the northeast. Yes,
it's a mighty long stretch from
here to Needles, or to Las Vegas,
and nothing more than a few fill-
ing stations to break it. Barstow
from the west is easy. But east it
turns into a hitch-hikers' bottle-
neck.

Which in itself explains the
strange inscriptions. What better
to do than sit here, as the cars
pass you by, telling the world your
story, your desires, letting your
unconscious flow?

Thoroughly aroused by this sud-
den fountainhead of Americana, I
look further. The next one is:

Jesus was God in the Fish.
Everywhere itinerants stop, in
huge red-painted or tiny pencilled
letters, under bridges, on walls,
this sort of evangelism is seen.
And even though it is neither cre-
ative nor original, it helps paint
the complete picture of this Bar-
stow railing.

Here is another:
All you have to do is find me,
you lucky woman. Name's
George.

Finally, an eighth inscription—a
rambling story scribbled in a
frightfully bad hand over a six-
foot length of railing. It wanders,
both actually and in thought—as
though the hitcher were day-
dreaming, without awareness. Oc-
casionally, however, there are good
sequences:

D— it anyhow, here I am
stuck in the cold. I've come
2700 miles from Chi, Illinois.
Slept along the highway. Slept
in open box car without top.
Went hungry for two days
Raining, too. But they say
there's a he—, What the h—
do they think this is? . . .
And a running description:
Cars just passed by—make
that two more—three more.
Do not think they'll let me
finish my story. . . .
But they did. And he ends it



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Oh! That Banshee Wail— But Maybe You've Heard It, Too?

By N. OLD FLAME

What is it that makes dogs bark
and babies cry, cats go quietly
mad and squirrels retreat to wher-
ever squirrels retreat?

What is it that makes patient
mothers nervously crunch their
fingernails, and has even made
grandparents, those hardy pio-
neers, cringe and whimper.

Is it a spectre?
Is it the garbage collector final-
ly coming after the garbage?

Have they caught a glimpse of
their 1942 income tax?

Alas, it is something much more
horrible than any of those . . . it
is the sound of the Carmel fire
siren.

Dozens of palpitating larynxes
call the police every siren day and
ask if the obliging officers will
please go up and put that poor
tortured soul out of its misery,
because baby is having mild con-
vulsions and in such a state he re-
minds them of Uncle Louie whom
they can't stand, and also their
formerly peaceful poodle has sud-
denly decided that he is a timber
wolf and is going about whistling
at girls on wooded golf courses.

And so on through the night.
Canaries stop laying, hordes of
swallows decide that Capistrano

on a query addressed to all hitch-
ers, melancholy but practical:

Why did you come, anyway?
Breathes there a hitcher who, on
getting stuck in Barstow, never to
himself hath said: "Why did I
come, anyway?"

"Barstow," true ballad of the
American desert, requires the
proper instrument for expression
of its mood. Harry Partch, author
of the above article, has developed
such an instrument. You see it
here, a guitar with 43 tones in
each of its octaves. The thick
brass fingerboard plate contains
slots for the tones; high stainless
steel frets fit these slots. It is one
of several instruments evolved by
Harry Partch from his painstaking
study of the intonations of
speech and of ancient musical
scales.

The modern guitar is the direct
descendant of the kithara, pic-
tured and described in The Pine
Cone last week. The evolution
shows itself even in the word
forms: kithar—guitar—

"Barstow" is done in the most
ancient manner of musical com-
position, chanting to a single in-
strument, after the way of the
Greek epic singers and the trouba-
dours.—Ed.)

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may not be so bad after all. But
still, fire after fire, blaze after
blaze, the hot-footed banshee wails
on, heedless of the homes it is
breaking up.

When will it all end? Why, af-
ter the fire is out, of course.

FLAVIN SIGNS "CORPORAL CAT"

Martin Flavin's newest book,
"Corporal Cat", which will not be
on general sale until after Oct. 8,
will be reviewed by Lorita Vallely
at her first lecture. A few ad-
vance copies will be sold at the

lecture, which Martin Flavin will
autograph.

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H. C. OVERIN, Mgr.

Gold Coasters Vie With Wheezy Mechanisms in "Bertha" Opening

"Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," one of your grandfather's favorite melodramas, which is all about a very good girl enmeshed in some shockingly bad predicaments, including the arms of a villain or two—opened last night at the First Theater, Monterey. Played by the Gold Coast Troupers, directed by Ronald Telfer, the performances will continue through Sunday.

"Bertha" slaves in a sweat-shop from 10 a. m. until midnight. She sews and sews and sews. Three ancient models loaned by the Singer company almost steal the first scene; but not quite, for sweet "Bertha," evil "Lizette" and down-trodden "Nellie" bend eloquently over the relentless whirling mechanisms. The leer of "Lizette's" (Wilma Bott) black soul pours through her sewing-machine until you expect the thing to become a broom-handle and carry her off to her rendezvous with Val (villain) Porter.

There are nine sets and 19 scenes. There's a bumper-crop of villains, a whole cornucopia of sure-fire melodramatic plot-tricks, 11 actors besides the three girls who break their finger-nails and hearts over the sewing-machines. Through terrible quagmires of persecution and injustice, unobtainable purity (Charlotte Wales) and resplendent virtue (Lucian Scott, assistant director) emerge as pure and resplendent as ever in time for the olio.

The olio is your hors d'oeuvre, but it comes after the main meal on the theory that you are not strong enough to take it before. Bob Bratt will hand it out, spicy, as always, and with new numbers.

The cast includes Charlotte Wales as Bertha, Wilma Bott as Lizette, Louise Welty as Nellie, Esther Gay as Miss Pinch, Val Porter as David, Lucian Scott as Phillip, Roland Scheffler as Jack, Eddie George as Joe, Jo Halsted as Conrad Bascomb, Dan Welty as Jasper, Bob Bratt as the Judge, Frank Dickinson as Caleb, Franklin Dixon as Rivers, and John Steindler as the Officer.



In Love Again! . . . Wallace Beery is back in the arms of Marjorie Main, his light of love, in "Barnacle Bill", M-G-M's laugh-splashed waterfront thriller, which opens on the Carmel theater screen. Also featured are Leo Carrillo and Virginia Weidler under the direction of Richard Thorpe.

Wallace Beery Plays "Barnacle Bill" at Carmel Theater

Wallace Beery swashbuckles through thrills and adventure and makes love like a sentimental Gargantua in "Barnacle Bill" which plays Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at the Carmel Theater.

Beery, with Marjorie Main, figures in the most comical love affair of his career. Their sentimental duets together are the highlights of the romance. There are tender moments with little Virginia Weidler, playing the small daughter, Berry and Leo Carrillo have comical waterfront adventures galore, and Beery and Barton MacLane stage a terrific fight. There is another fight when Miss Main and Connie Gilchrist get into a hair-pulling battle over the amorous Beery.

"Out of the Fog", starring John Garfield and Ida Lupino, and "Las Vegas Nights", starring Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, Bert Wheeler and Constance Moore, is the attraction Friday and Saturday.

What Carmel hotel manager was seen actually washing his car? It didn't need it much!

Mr. and Mrs. Jack James were here over the week-end. Mr. James is the night editor of the Los Angeles Examiner.

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San Carlos, between 7th and 8th
Moderate Rates
Phone 691

Business Association Dines Tuesday

Members of the Carmel Business Association will find little difficulty in combining business with pleasure when they hold their first fall meeting next Tuesday evening.

At the invitation of Fred Godwin the affair is to be held at the La Playa Ranch and will take the form of a swimming party and supper barbecue with music by a group of accordionists.

As guest of honor, Tilly Polak, whose retirement from active business has been a genuine loss to the community.

The barbecue supper is scheduled for 7 o'clock but other activities will get under way two hours earlier. Tickets to the barbecue are \$1.25 and may be obtained through the secretary whose telephone number is 860-W.

FRENCH MODERNS GO ON EXHIBIT AT DEL MONTE

Monday, under sponsorship of John and Patricia Cunningham, Earl Stendahl of the Stendahl galleries in Hollywood, will bring to the Del Monte galleries an exhibition culled from his famous collection of moderns, Picasso, Seurat, Braque, Matisse, Gauguin and Derain.

SAMOVAR RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

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LAMPS

FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

* FAMILY STYLE *

LIGHTING

This month and on into Spring is the homey season of the year. Vacations are over. Schools have started. The family is finding happiness and quiet contentment in the home circle from sundown to bedtime. Isn't this true of you and your family?

To you, then, we would like to suggest a simple, inexpensive way to add to the brightness and gaiety and happiness of your home. It's Family Style Lighting.

Light up your easy chairs for new reading pleasure or to smooth out mother's wrinkles

as her eyes watch the mending needle. Do away with glare where Sis and Sonny are studying at desk or table. Transform the corner davenport with a new lamp to spread light for your family and to say "welcome" to friends.

You'll be surprised at how little it costs to provide good light for each member of the family.

SEE YOUR DEALER
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BEDROOM
Try a ceiling unit like this or one similar with glass bottom for soft semi-indirect lighting. Adds charm to the bedroom.

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Give the most important room in your house the best of light. A kitchen unit with white opal glass bowl is just the thing.

DINING ROOM
Try one of the new style dining room fixtures with a glass lens in the bottom to focus light down on your linen and silverware. Smart!

LIGHT CONDITION YOUR HOME NOW!

Pine Needles

Social Editor - Telephones: Carmel 2 or 1447
MARY BURR

New Names for Census Taker—
Victor George Conley, Jr., who was born last Friday, the 19th, to Lieut. and Mrs. Conley, at 5:45 p. m.

To the John Fajardos, a boy, born on Friday, the 19th, at 4:40 p. m. The Fajardos live on Fifth and Mission.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Watkins, a baby girl, Ann Christine, who was born on the 22nd at 8:35 a. m.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hobbart Morris, a daughter, Pamela Anne, who was born on the 22nd at 2:02 a. m. The Morrisses have their home on Eighth and Junipero. All of the new arrivals came into the world at the Peninsula Community Hospital.

Highlanders for a Week-end—

From Walnut Creek are Mrs. Montague Parsons and Mrs. Philip Bancroft, who spent last week-end at the Highlands Inn. Mr. and Mrs. Wick Parsons entertained at dinner for them during their stay.

Flavia Flavin and her brother, Martin, will be back some time next week. It will either be Monday or Tuesday, but whenever it is, it will be nice to see them around again. Their vacation in Canada has kept them away for several months.

Last week-enders at the Carmel Inn were Mrs. E. A. Thurston and Mrs. Flo Hamlin of Vallejo and Miss Isabel Small and Mrs. L. S. Hotchkiss of Oakland. While here they were entertained at the Lodge by Mrs. Irene Smedberg.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tew of Carmel were in San Francisco this week, where they stayed at the Plaza Hotel.

At the Cliff Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders of Carmel. They will remain in San Francisco for several more days.

Thumb-nail Sketch—

On the peninsula for several weeks are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph de Mouzilly Saint Mars and their French poodle, "Jacques Bonhomme", of Pasadena. The Saint Mars have a home in London, but on their way back to England after summering in Bali in 1939, the war broke out, which decided them to make their home on the west coast. Saint Mars' mother, Kate Parks, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and his father, the Marquis Daniel de Mouzilly Saint Mars, met and married her in this country after the war of 1870. He took her to his chateau in Touraine, where Joseph was born.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Saint Mars have done many watercolors and sketches of the coast throughout their stay.

Red Cross Needs Help!—

The Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross sends out a request and urgent need for extra workers in the workroom which is situated in the Golden Bough Court on Ocean Avenue. Men or women who could just stop in for a short time between errands and help out. The chapter is anxious to clear their war relief quota which is due on Jan. 1, before starting the home relief quota which includes pneumonia jackets for Fort Ord, among other things.

Also required are two or three people who could offer a half or a whole day during the week, to give out materials.

Urgent Letter—

Dear Mrs. Murray:

Great Britain's need for surgical instruments has vastly increased in the past few weeks. Hospitals, already overcrowded with the torn victims of Nazi bombings, require a large uninterrupted supply of such equipment. Added to this now is a new need. Great Britain is bracing for renewed and more violent bombings as winter fogs approach. In making ready for these the British and their Allies also prepare to take the offensive. All of this will mean continued bombings of civilian hospitals and military dressing stations operating under fire. These impending events make more necessary than ever the continued supply of surgical instruments. We urgently ask you to appeal to all the doctors, surgeons and hospitals in your community to contribute their surplus surgical instruments so that we may send them without delay to England. Please do it NOW! Form a committee of the leading doctors of your city to aid you with the appeal. Publicize the need in your newspapers and over your radio stations. Get your volunteers to collect the contributions so they can be sent immediately. Don't hold back the instruments until your campaign is over. Send them as they are received to our warehouse, 112 West 89th street, New York so that we may start shipment to England at once! Help relieve the inevitable pain that is the price of our common VICTORY!

Yours sincerely,

The Duchess of Leinster,
Executive Chairman.

The John A. Strakers of the Carmel Valley are proud parents of a new daughter, Victoria Elisabeth, who was born Monday morning at 8 o'clock in the Peninsula Community Hospital. Victoria weighed 7 pounds and 15 ounces, and her grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parks of Pacific Grove and Mrs. F. A. Straker of London. The baby's sister, Sarah, is about two years old.

The Edward Kusters will leave at the end of the month for New Mexico, where they will vacation for several months.

Glad to see her friends again, is Mrs. Phil Gordon, who is back in her home on San Antonio and Tenth.

Mrs. Edwin Einstein left for Fresno this week, after summering in her new cottage here on Dolores and Fifteenth street.

Lieut. and Mrs. Dyson Swager of Tenth and Lincoln streets, have taken themselves off for several week's vacation.

Visitors from Oregon—

Captain and Mrs. George Jackson have as their guests, Mrs. Jackson's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Luckel of Portland, Ore., who will be in Carmel for two weeks.

The J. M. Wrightons have returned from San Francisco, after a short stay there.

Leota Tucker is having a bit of a trip in San Francisco. She will return shortly.

William "Bill" Hyde Irwin was houseguest of the Jimmie Hoppers last week-end. With him was his friend, Siberious Saito, young Japanese architect from the bay region.

Douglas School News—

The Douglas School for Girls opened its 14th year on Sept. 17. Two new members have been added to the faculty: Mr. Julius Gordon will teach English and History. Mr. Gordon has had his training at Harvard and at Cambridge, England and received his degree in graduate work at the University of Southern California; Miss Marion Leete has come to us from the Detroit public schools and will teach the Junior High as well as the art work in the school. We are indeed fortunate to have three of the faculty members returning: Miss Anne Douglas, Miss June Sanders and Mr. Platon Gottlund.

Visitors to the School in the opening week were Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Cutter of Sacramento; Mrs. Raymond Harris of Los Angeles; Miss Kizette de Lempicka, sister of one of our senior students, and the daughter of the famous artist, Tamara de Lempicka; and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Briggs of the Cummock School in Los Angeles.

House officers for the coming year are: Miss Louisanne Kuffner of Beverly Hills, president of the senior girls, and Miss Mary Ellen Whittier of La Crescenta, Calif., president of the Junior girls. Student body officers will not be elected until next week.

The Girls' Great Hall is the proud possessor of the perpetual trophy given by Northern California Girls Tennis Association to the winner of the Scholastic Tournament played in the spring. This year, the Douglas School joined the association and in competition with eight private schools, came out victorious and won the first leg on the trophy—our thanks go to the two Shephard girls, Gerry and Pat, who made the victory possible.

League of Women Voters—

The Monterey County League of Women Voters will hold its opening meeting of the season, Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 3 p. m. in the La Ribera Hotel. Mrs. Charles MacLean Jr., of Pasadena, president of the California League, will be the guest of honor.

Representatives from the Monterey County League, attended the first meeting of the Northern Conference last Tuesday in Berkeley. From Carmel these ladies were: Mrs. Howard Clark, Mrs. Ritter Holman, Miss Lydia Weld, Miss Orre Haseltine, Mrs. Harry Lusignan, and from the Corral de Terra, Mrs. William Hargis.

Roll Call at Lodge—

At the Forest Lodge for two weeks are Mr. and Mrs. G. R. McComb of Ojai, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Rhodes of Pasadena. Miss Dora A. Holmes of Los Angeles is spending two months at the Lodge, and wintering there is Miss Helen Desmond, also Mrs. C. Z. Byrd and son, Zan, from Manila.

Mrs. Adele Foy left for Berkeley, Tuesday, after spending ten days vacation in Carmel.

Here for two weeks was Miss A. Rattyle of San Francisco. She left late this week, after spending her vacation at the Forest Lodge



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Famous Dance Team

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Pine Needles

Mannings Leave—

Mrs. John A. Manning and her daughter, Miss Winifred Manning, returned to Fresno Friday, after spending the summer in their cottage here. Manning joined his family here, during the week of the golf tournaments, and for other week-end visits.

The Mannings were hosts to valley and bay region friends throughout the summer.

On a ten-day vacation in Carmel are the R. W. Quigleys and their daughter, Lodemia of Sacramento. With them are Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Andreatta of Mt. Shasta, Siskiyou county.

Charles Sayers, Wife, Bay Bound

Charles Sayers, craftsman and woodcarver extraordinary, wrote finis to his work in Carmel Wednesday afternoon, when he conducted his last class at his studio home. This marks the end of a regime that began almost 15 years ago in Carmel and during that time the Sayers name became synonymous for artistic integrity and excellent craftsmanship. "Charlie," as he is lovingly known to a host of friends, came by his trade honestly, for he is the scion of a Scottish family that has been building ships for the past 300 years.

Now, after all these years, he and his wife, Cecily, are moving bag and baggage to San Francisco because of the increasing pressure of work which has gradually absorbed so much of his time that he feels obliged to take up permanent quarters in the Bay City. Their departure has been marked by a succession of farewell parties and now that they are actually 'en route', we take this humble means to wish them godspeed and success in their new surroundings. Carmel will miss them both.

Mrs. Charles Crocker has gone to Burlingame to spend several months with relatives.

Mrs. Emma Evans is already planning her first winter recital, as an introduction for her new students. It will be some time during the middle of October. Mrs. Evans' niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Laramie Haynes, have been up from Pasadena for the last two week-ends, staying at their aunt's lovely studio on Serra and Santa Rita. Hugh Evans is going to Salinas Junior College this year, where he is taking an aviation course—hoping to go to Randolph Field next year.

Audubon Society Meets—

The Monterey Peninsula Audubon Society is meeting tonight, the 26th, at 8 p. m., in the Pacific Grove Museum. Dr. Francis E. Lloyd is showing his colored pictures of carnivorous plants. Saturday morning, members of

REPORT ALL ILLNESSES

All parents are called upon to protect the community against communicable diseases by telephoning the report of all children's illnesses either to the school nurse, Carmel 611, Sunset School, 787, or the High School, 1343.

Cooperation will facilitate school administration and save our school district actual cash.

OTTO W. BARDARSON.

the Society will take a bird walk, starting from Moss Landing Village at 10:15 a. m.

Tea Opens One-Man Show—

Light and airy is the group of Adrian Beach's drawings, etchings and water-colors, now on exhibit in the beautiful studio of Mrs. Theodore M. Criley's home in the Highlands. On the rough white walls of the room (which is a perfect setting) Mr. Beach has placed among other pieces interesting pencil drawings, with a splash of water-color on each to liven them up. The versatile artist has included in his exhibit, quick colorful stage sets and costume designs, studies of cows and other animals; character drawings of the wistful Danish children of Solvang, and a group of somber watercolors of Big Sur. He has taken an imaginative viewpoint on most subjects, for which his work has been enthusiastically received here. The show, which was opened Wednesday afternoon by a tea given by Mrs. Criley, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw Williams and Mrs. Russell Williams, was attended by: Mrs. F. A. Ingalls, Noel Sullivan, Mrs. Martin Flavin, John O'Shea, Judge Mary Bartelme, Mr. and Mrs. Zenas L. Potter, Mrs. E. W. Pope, William Hyde Irwin, Mrs. Keith Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray, Mrs. Wellington Clark, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, Mrs. Russell Field, Mrs. William Black, Mrs. Robert Seward, Mrs. David Ball, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James, Mrs. Charles Bigelow, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lehmann, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harley, Mrs. Howard Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Dowdell, Marie Short, Arthur Lawson, Lee Crowe, Violet Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper, Miss Alice Cresson, Miss Jean Kellogg, Miss Henrietta Shore, Mary Burr, Mrs. Julia Gillette, Mrs. A. Landle, John and Patricia Cunningham, Fernand Leger, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Boundey, Mrs. M. E. Hahn, Miss Clara Taft, Miss Bertha Bowen, Mrs. Hugh Comstock, Mrs. C. Davison, Mrs. C. Aldrich, Miss Marian Howes, Frank Dickinson, Miss Rowena Beans, Mrs. Charles S. Green, Mrs. W. H. Gribben, Dr. R. Williams and Jessie Lynch Williams.

Misses Ellen and Jessie Joan Brown entertained at a buffet supper the other evening in honor of Mrs. Caroline Chapman of New York, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Eytinge. The guests were Captain and Mrs. Claire Sims, Miss Betty LaSelle, Captain Benjamin Franklin Quigley, Lieut. Arthur Black, Lieut. Miles Cutler, Lieut. John Jarvis and Mrs. Chapman.

Steve Patterson of the Chop House celebrated his 65th birthday anniversary Monday, although it really wasn't his birthday.

An emigrating scion of the ancient and estimable Greek family of Patterson, Steve was born according to the Greek calendar and so he actually became 65 years of age 15 days ago.

Roof Prowling

Sergeant Charles C. Stanley may be all right at commanding troop tactics, but at personal maneuvering, he's simply no good.

On Wednesday night about 7:30 p. m. the Carmel police received a call from the Logan residence on Casanova, saying that there was someone on the roof, and would somebody investigate.

Right on their toes as usual, the officers rushed down, and with little difficulty the pernicious prowler was apprehended. When he was questioned as to his strange actions what, according to the police, did the one of the small cogs in the wheel of U. S. strategy say?

"I'm lost," he said. Help!

A BOY PLUS A MATCH EQUALS FIREWORKS

A small boy and a lighted match are a dangerous combination at any time, but when applied in large doses to a parked automobile—well, "the old car, wasn't

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BRYANT PHOTOS

The excellent photograph study of the "kithara" which was published last week, and that of Harry Partch and his guitar on page 10 of this issue of The Pine Cone are the work of F. W. Bryant, Jr.

much for looks an hour ago, but it's a hot model now."

Anyway, it was the consolidation of an over-zealous kiddie, an ignited match, and a burning car that called out the fire department Saturday. The machine was parked at Santa Fe and Second, and the blaze was quickly extinguished by Carmel's fleet firemen.

Burning trash was the cause of two more fires, one Sunday and one Monday. The first was merely a grass fire at Carpenter and Valley road, while the other was at the Comstock woodmill, where a fence burned. Could it be a government advertisement... "Burns for De-Fence."

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James gave an informal tea Tuesday afternoon, for a small group of their friends, before their departure for Kansas City.

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Hotel Del Monte

First Lecture Tuesday, Oct. 7th

All other lectures second Tuesday of the month

Season coupon books (7 interchangeable tickets) \$5.85, tax incl.
Single lectures \$1.10, tax incl.

Tickets on sale at KIT WHITMAN MANAGEMENT,
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Books reviewed by Mrs. Valley on sale at Holman's Book Den.

END OF MONTH

SPECIALS

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In Six Lessons!

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ARTHUR MURRAY STUDIO
Low Introductory Rates.

If you plan to go dancing very soon, there is still time to brush-up on your steps—if you take your first lesson at the new Arthur Murray Studios today. Don't put off learning! A half-hour private lesson will show you how easily you can acquire the new swing. Low Introductory Rates are still in effect. Visit the Studios today!

Arthur Murray Dance Studios

Alice H. Cutting, Director

Del Monte Hotel, Phone 3066 State Theater Bldg., Phone 8379

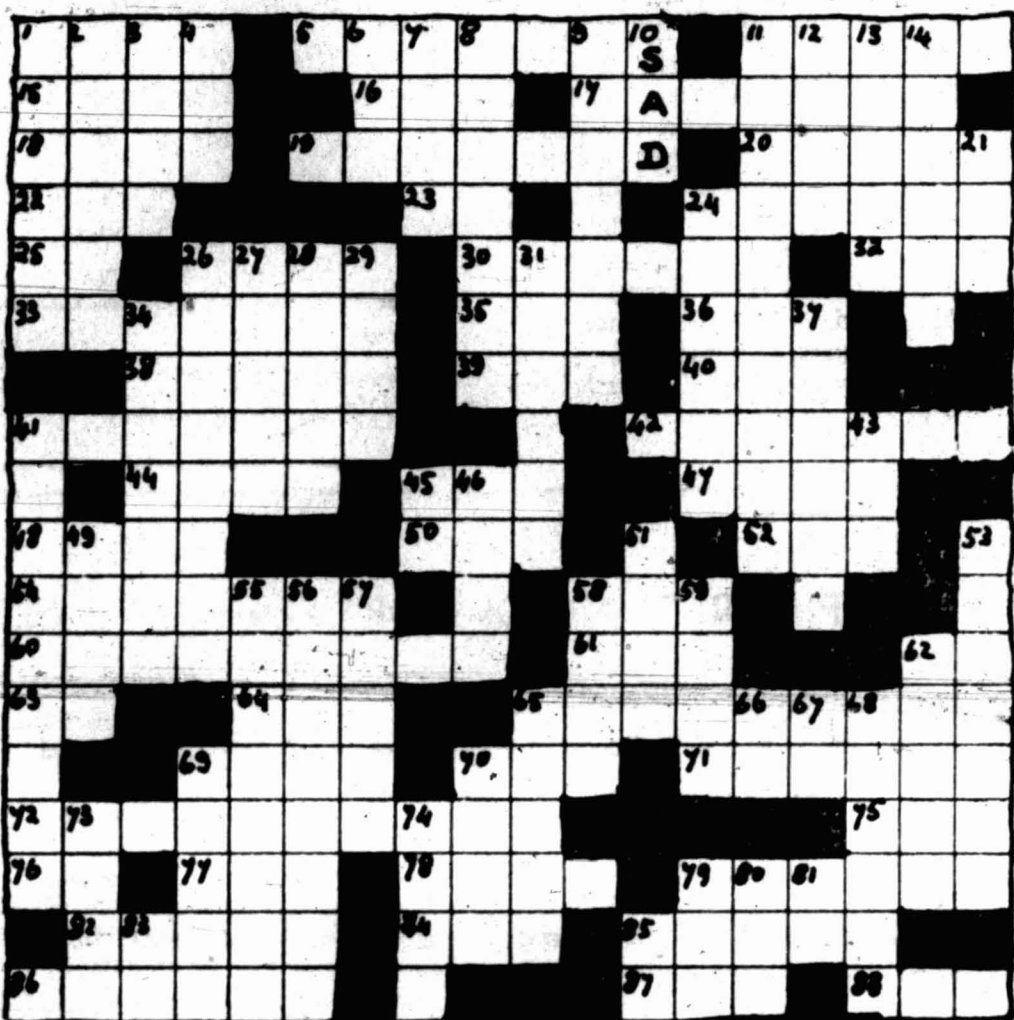
Lady Kinnoull's Anglo-French Cross-Word

For those who know French, or at least a little French, the Countess de Kinnoull of Paris, a resident of Carmel for the duration, has prepared something unique in the way of cross-word puzzles: it's an Anglo-French Cross-Word.

Clues are in French. The actual words are in English.

One word has been solved for you in the No. 10 line. The rest of the words may be found in the same way.

This Cross-Word, said by its originator to be quite simple, is the first in a series which is to become gradually more complicated.



Number 1

DOWN

- 1 Voyageur perpetual (forme française)
- 2 Amuse
- 3 Mademoiselle
- 4 Et la suite
- 6 Nos
- 7 Plomb (electricite)
- 8 Nom d'un pays
- 9 Element
- 10 Triste
- 11 Accelerer
- 12 Fougere
- 13 Frais
- 14 Issues
- 21 Anagramme de porcherie
- 24 Gardien (de musée ou de bibliothèque)
- 26 Pervers
- 27 Rapproche (poétique)
- 28 Parfum
- 29 Eprouver
- 31 Eternuer
- 34 Roi des valse
- 37 Admirer
- 41 Cachottier
- 43 Rage ancienne
- 45 Note
- 46 Le Mal
- 49 Envoyer promener
- 51 Aimant
- 53 Plus cher
- 55 Initie
- 56 Attache
- 57 Nuit
- 58 Ton
- 59 Pleurer
- 62 Fleur printaniere
- 65 Tous
- 66 Diphtongue
- 67 Deux lettres de volume
- 68 Optiques
- 69 Pie, ou mamelon
- 70 Toujours
- 73 Mesure anglaise
- 74 Dedans
- 79 Fils
- 80 Cri
- 81 Participe passe français d'un d'un verbe gai
- 83 Dieu égyptien
- 85 Merci slave

ACROSS

- 1 Nom
- 5 Infuse
- 11 Collier
- 15 Omettre
- 16 Notre
- 17 Lanceurs
- 18 Musc
- 19 Assure
- 20 Crete
- 22 Ané
- 23 Exemple
- 24 Recensement
- 25 Preposition française
- 26 Passe
- 30 Utile

- 32 Interjection
- 33 Gasoline en France
- 35 Nom de femme
- 36 Mer
- 38 Abres
- 39 Encore
- 40 Trois lettres de detriment
- 41 Serviteur
- 42 Ecumant
- 44 Anagramme de larme
- 455 Bonnet Musulman
- 47 Meler
- 48 Cour
- 50 Priere
- 52 Avant (poétique)
- 54 Russe
- 558 Remorquer
- 60 Essentiel
- 61 Un
- 62 Merci de bebe anglais
- 63 Symbole chimique
- 64 Muddled type
- 65 Essayer
- 69 Un des 48 Etats
- 70 Notre mere commune
- 71 Peuple
- 72 Rancunier
- 75 C'est (poétique)
- 76 Prefixe
- 77 Anagramme d'eu
- 78 Ville natale d'un Saint
- 79 Manuscript
- 82 Ile de la Mediterranee
- 84 Essayer
- 85 Style d'Art
- 86 Partage
- 87 Quelque
- 88 Fixe

Infant Care Is Theme of New Red Cross Course

Starting Oct. 6, the Red Cross will present to the public a class in practical nursing.

The meetings which will be held twice a week from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m., in the Boy Scout house on Eighth and Junipero streets, will stress infant care in the home, thus being a perfect course for young mothers.

The committee in charge of the new educational class will be: Miss Kathryn Bier, chairman; Miss Kathrine Smits, Miss Kathleen Prewett, Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, and Mrs. Louis Levinson. Instructor of the course will be Mrs. Ethel R. Sims, R. N.

PAUL LEYSSACK HERE—

Paul Leyssack, noted thespian, has been a guest of Noel Sullivan at Hollow Hills Farm for a week. Here from Hollywood, Paul is bound for New York.

"Godmothers" in Demand

"Godmothers," are being sought in Carmel this week to "adopt" British prisoners of war interned in Germany and brighten their lot by sending them parcels of food and cigarettes each month through the American Red Cross.

The movement, which has met with much success in San Francisco, is being introduced here by Miss Anne B. Read, member of the Women's Overseas Service League, who may be reached at Carmel 1305.

Price of the parcels, contents of which have been carefully chosen by nutrition experts to supply known deficiencies in prison diet, is \$2.40. Names of British prisoners and their addresses may be obtained from Miss Read.

WOMEN DEMOCRATS TO MEET—

The Carmel Women's Democratic Club will meet Friday, Oct. 3, at the home of Mrs. Paul H. Low on Ridgewood road near Santa Lucia, just off Junipero.

Reports on the regional conferences of Democratic Women will be made. All Democratic women in Carmel and vicinity are invited to attend.

New Books at the Library

"With Unclipped Wings," a volume of poems by Helen Coolidge, who with Dora Hagemeyer is co-editor of the poetry section in The Pine Cone, heads the list of new books at the Carmel Library this week.

Others follow:

"I'll Sing One Song" by Willie Ethridge. Notes on a writer's life, her husband, her children, and life in an old home in Kentucky.

"The Other America", by Lawrence Griswold. South America from the point of view of an economist and an historian as well as a traveler.

"The Darkest Hour", by Laza Herrmann, under the pseudonym of Leo Lania. Account of a newspaper man's escape from France after the fall of France.

"My Narrow Isle", by Sumie Mishima. Autobiography of a modern Japanese woman.

"Hands Off", by Dexter Perkins. A history of the Monroe Doctrine including its present status and probable future.

"The New Lancashire Lad", by Paul Gerald Smith as narrated by Pat O'Malley over the radio.

"Anybody's Gold", by Joseph Henry Jackson. History of gold mining in California; illustrated by Suydam.

Fiction:—"A Sombrero for Miss Brown", by Charlotte Baker; "Orphan Ann", by H. C. Bailey; "The Skies of Europe", by Fredric Prokosh; "Let Me Have Wings", by Margaret Widdemer; "Walk Away from Them", by Elliot Chess; "Death and Taxes", by David Dodge; "Lance", by E. F. Haskell; "Leaf Gold" by W. W. Chamberlain; "The Venables", by Kathleen Norris.



This week finds a number of books by people who either live in Carmel or are visitors here on sale at the VILLAGE BOOK SHOP on Lincoln street. First on the list is the one called "Two Ends to Our Shoestring" by Katherine Pinkerton. It is a tale of nomadic adventure and has several chapters on Carmel. Next there is "No Life for a Lady", by Agnes Morley Cleaveland, a Berkeley woman who has many friends here. "The Road of a Naturalist" is another absorbing book by Donald Peattie who has just left Carmel after a visit and numbers many Carmelites among his friends.—And—just a reminder—"Punch" on the war is out and is a riot—really something which everyone should own so that when all the horror is over we may realize that through the worst of the bombings the indomitable Punch continued to keep morale high with its particular type of humor.

Carmel Missionary Society Marks Thirty-Fourth Anniversary

This week marks the 34th anniversary of the Carmel Missionary Society, founded in 1907.

In honor of the occasion, a meeting was held by members of the society in the Church of the Wayfarer. The principal speaker was Mrs. O. J. Krause, who returned but a year ago from Peking, and who, through letters and information received from persons recently returned from the Orient, was able to present up-to-date news of what is really happening to China and its people since the Japanese invasion.

A description was drawn by Mrs. Krause, of the freezing of missionary funds, and of the poverty and hardships of the native people of China. At the present time all positions of responsibility in the missions are being filled by American and English-trained Chinese, and the work is being carried on very satisfactorily.

At the same meeting the society presented a gift to Miss Margaret E. White, charter member, in recognition of her years of continuous interest and support, despite ill health.

The address was preceded by a hymn for peace sung by Mrs. Edith Anderson, and at the close of the meeting tea was served by Mrs. B. P. Steeves, and Mrs. Benson.

When you take the Carmel-San Simeon Highway

STOP AT

ROGERS REDWOOD CAMP
Modern cabins, excellent food—

Special Baked Ham Dinners
26 miles south of Carmel.

RIPPLEWOOD AUTO COURT
Modern cabins, housekeeping or hotel
Dining room
Delicious home-cooked meals
2 miles north of Big Sur State Park

Harry Dick Ross Exhibits in San Francisco Monday

Harry Dick Ross of Big Sur, active member of the Carmel Art Association, is holding a one-man show of his wood sculpture in San Francisco.

Opening Monday, it will last for three weeks. Harry Dick will exhibit 20 pieces, most of them small and carved especially for this show.

Late in November Ross plans to hold a larger show in Hollywood where he is already popular because of his exhibit there this spring, sponsored by a group headed by Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart (Ella Winter) of Carmel.

Harry Dick's carvings are chiseled from a combination of redwood and driftwood.

VISITING RELATIVES—

Houseguests of Lieut. and Mrs. Arthur Gustafson are Mrs. Gustafson's sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Flower of Eastern Oregon. This is the Flowers' first trip to Carmel and they will remain here for several days before going south to Los Angeles.



ROCCO'S
Cocktail Lounge
and
Liquor Store

Choice Stock

Open 7 a. m. - 2 a. m.

THE KEG

301 Alvarado - Monterey

Want
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Keep
That
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Day
Charm



Want to look "fresh-from-a-fitting" every time you wear your new fall costumes? Want to add to the wear and insure longer attractiveness for all your clothes?

Phone
242

CARMEL CLEANERS

Dolores Street - Carmel

Army Rhumbas for Alice

A new dancing class for army officers, wives, and army nurses was begun Tuesday night under the guidance of Alice Cutting.

So successful was the first meeting that members decided to form a club, and, for the next six to eight weeks on Tuesday nights, in the recreation hall at Fort Ord, it will take up the do's and don'ts of the rhumba and fox trot. Later, the club will meet in the new Officer's Club.

At the first meeting, club officers were elected. They are: chairman, Major J. J. Crawford; Major William Ingraham, Lt. W. W. Dressler, Capt. Axel Boldt, and Capt. Frederick Spicker.

Nurses included: Clara Citty, Mary McKee, Alice Whittmer.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

City taxes levied on the secured roll for the fiscal year 1942 will be due and payable as follows:

The first installment will be due October 1, 1941, and if unpaid becomes delinquent November 5th at 5 p. m., and thereafter a delinquent penalty of 8% attaches to them. If these taxes are not paid before the second half of taxes on real property is delinquent, an additional delinquent penalty of 3% attaches to them.

The second half of taxes on real property is due January 1, 1942, and if unpaid becomes delinquent May 5th at 5 p. m. and thereafter a delinquent penalty of 3% attaches to them. After the second half of taxes on real property is delinquent, the Tax Collector shall collect as the cost of preparing the delinquent list one dollar on each assessment on the secured roll of:

- Real property, except possessory interests.
- Possessory interests.
- Personal property.

The first installment includes all personal property tax and one-half realty tax; also one-half special assessments, if any. Redemption penalties are one-half of one per cent a month, beginning July 1 of year of sale to City on amount of sold taxes; and one-half of one per cent a month beginning July 1 of each subsequent year on unpaid taxes for which property would have sold had there been no previous sale. All taxes may be paid when the first installment is due.

Taxes are payable at the Office of the City Tax Collector, in the City Hall, City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 3 o'clock P. M., Sundays and Holidays excepted.

THOMAS J. HEFLING,
City Tax Collector.
Date of pub: Sept. 26, 1941.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

I, Kenneth C. Goold, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am transacting business in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California, under a designation, or fictitious name, not showing the name of the person interested in such business, to-wit: CARMEL CLEANERS; said business is situated on the east side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and 7th avenue, Carmel, California.

I am the sole owner of said business, and my place of residence is in Hatton Fields, near juncture of Hatton Road, and extension east of Carmel's Ocean Avenue, just outside, and east of, city limits of Carmel, California. My postoffice box number is 263, Carmel, California.

Dated: September 17th, 1941.
KENNETH C. GOOLD.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
COUNTY OF MONTEREY—SS.

On this 17th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and forty-one, before me, George P. Ross, Judge of the City Court of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California,

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

nia, personally appeared Kenneth C. Goold, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at my office in said Carmel-by-the-Sea, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) GEORGE P. ROSS,
Judge of the City Court of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California.

1st pub: Sept. 19, 1941

Last pub: Oct. 10, 1941.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On the 13th day of October, 1941, at 2:00 o'clock, p. m., at the Alisal Street entrance to the Court House, Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, the undersigned, as substituted trustee, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in lawful money of the United States of America, the following described real property situated in the County of Monterey, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

A part of Rancho Los Tularcitos in County of Monterey, State of California, being lots FF and 313B, and a part of Lot GG as said lots are shown and so designated on map entitled "Robles Del Rio Carmelo Subdivision No. 3, filed June 7, 1932, in Volume 3 of Cities and Towns, at Page 87, records of Monterey County, California, and being particularly described as follows, to-wit:

All of Lots FF and 313B. ALSO, a part of Lot GG described as follows: Beginning at the common corner of said Lots FF and GG in the center line of Southbank Road; thence along the line between said Lots N. 49° 53'W., 15.0 feet and N. 76°01' W., 37.9 feet; thence leave said common lot line and running S 14° 02' E., 85.8 feet to a point in the center line of said Southbank Road, said point being marked by a cluster of nails in the South floor board of a small wooden bridge; thence along center line of said Southbank Road. Following the arc of a circular curve to the right (the center of which bears S. 83°48' E., 119.0 feet distant) for a distance of 70.4 feet to the place of beginning. Courses all true.

Said sale will be made to satisfy the obligation secured by and pursuant to the power of sale conferred in a certain Deed of Trust executed by Edward L. Warren to the Monterey County Security Company as trustee for the benefit of the Monterey Trust and Savings Bank dated November 20, 1936 and recorded on Nov. 24, 1936 in volume 501 at page 159 in the office of the County Recorder of Monterey County, State of California.

The beneficial interest under the aforesaid Deed of Trust and note secured thereby has been duly assigned to the United States of America by the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank, a corporation.

Michael M. Dowling, on January 3rd, 1941 by due appointment in writing, became and at all times thereafter has continued to be and now is the substituted trustee under said Deed of Trust to serve in the place and stead of Monterey Securities Company, a corporation, the original trustee thereunder. Said substitution of trustee was duly recorded on January 10, 1941, in volume 698 at page 182, Official Records in the office of the Recorder of the County of Monterey, State of California.

Notice of Breach of said obligation and Election to Sell said real property was recorded in the office of said Recorder on the 10th day of January, 1941, in volume 701 at page 374 of Official Records.

This notice is given in compliance with the demand of the assignee of the beneficiary made 1-4-41.

MICHAEL M. DOWLING,
Substituted Trustee
Federal Housing Administration
315 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, California.

Order No. 42,912

Dates of pub: Sept. 19, 26 & Oct. 3.

Classified Advertising

Rates: 10c per line for one insertion (minimum 50c); 15c per line for two insertions (minimum 75c); 25c per line for one month (minimum \$1.25); 8c per line for one insertion on contract (no minimum). Estimate five words to the line.

Lost and Found

LOST—In Carmel: Lady's wrist watch. Reward. Mrs. H. N. GOODWIN, 1574 Lucerne Ave., Stockton, Calif.

LOST — Pair of lady's tortoise shell rimmed glasses. Finder please return to Carmel Pine Cone office. (39)

FOUND—Coin bracelet. Owner may have same by identifying bracelet and paying for ad. Call office of Carmel Pine Cone. (39)

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS (Advertisement)

1. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of Trustees of the Carmel Unified School District will receive bids for the construction of tennis courts on the High School grounds at Carmel, California.

2. Each bid to be in accordance with either or both of two sets of specifications now on file with Mr. Otto W. Bardarson, District Superintendent, at the Carmel High School office where same may be examined and copies obtained on request.

3. Bidders are hereby notified that pursuant to the Statutes of the State of California, or local law thereto applicable, the Board of Trustees of Carmel Unified School District has ascertained the general prevailing rate per diem wages and rates for legal holidays and overtime work in the locality in which this work is to be performed, for each craft or type of workman or mechanic needed to execute the contract, which will be awarded the successful bidder.

4. A copy of said wage scale is on file and is obtainable from the Clerk of the Board.

5. Each bid shall be made on a form to be obtained at the office of Mr. Otto W. Bardarson, District Superintendent, at the Carmel High School, Carmel, California, and must be accompanied by a certified or cashier's check or a bid bond for ten per cent of the amount bid, made payable to the order of the Board of Trustees of Carmel Unified School District, shall be sealed and filed with the Clerk of the Board, on the 14th day of October, 1941, at 7:30 P. M. and will be opened in public at or about 7:30 P. M. of that day in the office of the high school, near Carmel, Monterey County, California.

6. The above-mentioned check or bond shall be given as guarantee that the bidder will enter into a contract if awarded the work, and will be declared forfeited if the successful bidder refuses to enter into said contract after being requested to do so by the Board of Trustees of Carmel Unified School District.

7. The successful bidder will be required to furnish a labor and material bond in the amount equal to 50% of the contract price and a faithful performance bond in an amount equal to 100% of the contract price, said bonds to be secured from a surety company satisfactory to the Board of Trustees, of Carmel Unified School District.

8. The Board of Trustees of Carmel Unified School District reserves the right to reject any and all bids and/or waive any irregularity in any bid received. Unless otherwise required by law, no bidder may withdraw his bid for a period of thirty (30) days after the date for the opening thereof.

Dated: September 22, 1941.
Board of Trustees
By Hugh W. Comstock,
Clerk
Shelburn Robison,
President
Anita Dormody
Harold L. Nielsen
Peter J. Ferrante.
Dates of pub: Sept. 26, Oct. 3,
Oct. 10, 1941.

For the news—
Read The Pine Cone.

Position Wanted

I WANT WORK — Garden or ranch work. Write FRANK QUESADA, Box 23, Marina, Monterey Co., Calif. (39-42)

SITUATION WANTED — AS CARETAKER of country home by elderly man; sober, steady, can batch, handy with tools. Will go anywhere. GODFREY EBEL, 1635 Pierce St., San Francisco. (39)

Real Estate

FOR SALE — Two fine lots in Carmel Woods, Cabrillo St., near Pico, \$650 each. Terms, P. O. Box 1063, Carmel. (39)

FOR SALE—A lot on south side of Ocean, 40 x 100 ft. Less than cost for cash and quick sale.

BETTY JEAN NEWELL
Dolores & 8th Phone 303

FOR SALE—New house in Mission tract, view of mountains and ocean; 3 bedrooms and 2 baths. CARL BENSBERG, owner-builder. Box 1011, Carmel. (39)

GLADYS KINGSLAND DIXON
Licensed Real Estate Broker
Ocean Ave. bet. Dolores & Lincoln
Best values in rentals and sales in Carmel, Pebble Beach, the Highlands and Carmel Valley.
Tel. 940 tf.

FOR SALE—STUDIO HOUSE, 2 lots. Over 30 oaks, 80-ft. frontage. Casanova betw. 9 and 10th, for \$6500. Would cost \$8500 to reproduce. Open daily. Phone afternoons 596-J. Owner, Esto Broughton. (36-39)

FOR SALE — 5-ROOM STUCCO HOUSE on large lot; modern in every respect, hardwood floors, floor furnace, Venetian blinds, garage and lovely garden. Camino Real near 10th. Will sell partly furnished or unfurnished. Call Carmel 1840. (38-39)

\$5800 HOME—In the most desirable section of Carmel Woods—with a view of Pt. Lobos—surrounded by large fine homes—sunny all day long—livingroom, diningroom, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, bath, stone patio, gas heat, 1-car garage. Large lot with 79 front feet. Monthly terms can be arranged to suit. CARMEL REALTY CO., Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave., Phone 66. (39)

2 LOTS, \$950—Special offer by owner for quick sale—lots in same block have sold within last six months for \$600 each. This is a real lot buy—each lot 40 x 100 ft. and on good street. A view of water may be developed with right type house. These lots can be bought for investment at this price, as it stands to reason land prices are going to be higher. CARMEL REALTY CO., Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66.

BACK TO THE FARM—There is a definite movement to the country—away from the noise and rush—where a little garden and orchard can be established—Carmel Valley is ideal for this type home. We have several parcels that are very desirable for a "Farm" that you can afford. 1.6 acres for \$750. An extra nice one, 2.042 acres, for \$1650. Then we have a full acre for \$1050. Cheaper water and electricity to property. Oiled roads. This is the cheapest land in small parcels in the Carmel Valley, and monthly terms can be arranged to suit the buyer. See this property before you buy! CARMEL REALTY CO., Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (39)

Automobiles for Sale

AUTO FINANCING LOANS

New and Used Cars financed
Auto Loans and Insurance
Contracts not resold.
S. E. SNIDER
556 Munras Ave. Phone 5445
Monterey

For Rent

FOR RENT—Patio office in the Las Tiendas bldg., steam-heated; available about Oct. 1. Phone 717 mornings. (38)

FOR RENT — FURNISHED STUCCO HOUSE, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room and dining room. Lovely view. Central heat. Call 970-J. (38)

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished 2-bedroom house, near the Ocean, on lease, \$75. Available Oct. 15. BETTY JEAN NEWELL
Dolores & 8th Tel. 303

FOR RENT—Sunny room, good bed, adjoining bath, private entrance. Garage available. Gentleman preferred. Moderate rent—call Carmel 1949-J. (39)

FOR RENT—Will rent my cottages, beginning Sept. 27, for the winter or on yearly lease. One to three bedroom houses, \$40 to \$80. Best location. Very attractive and secluded. Tel. owner, Carmel 521-W or write Box 44. (39)

FOR RENT—ON THE DESERT—New 3-room cottage, living room, 14 x 18 ft., large north window, view, completely furnished. Perfect for artist or writer or two people seeking sunshine and rest. \$400 season. Address owner, P. O. Box 146, Palm Springs, Calif. Ready Oct. 1. (38-41)

Miscellaneous

CRYSTAL SPRING WATER — Why not treat yourself right? Drink this delicious spring water! Stands furnished. Delivered to your home every Thursday. 50c for a 5-gallon bottle. Just call Carmel 1074. (tf)

ELECTROLUX
Cleaner and Air Purifier
Sales Service and Supplies
BASIL S. COGHLAN
Authorized Distributor
Camino Real Phone Carmel 1914 (39)

WANTED — CHILDREN'S SEWING and children's alterations. MRS. VERBIL CRAWFORD, between 2nd, Carpenter & Lobos. (38-41)

FOR SALE — Upright piano in good condition; reasonably priced. Call 664. (33)

WANTED—Left-over wool, to be knitted into afghans for sick soldiers at the Fort Ord Hospital. Color and weight not material. To be delivered to Red Cross Rooms, upstairs, Court of the Golden Bough, Ocean Ave., West of Lincoln. Reward: many thanks from Red Cross in behalf of the sick soldiers. (31)

VENETIAN BLINDS — Unpainted Furniture, Picture Framing, Repairing Furniture. Drop in to see the many interesting, inexpensive, usable pieces of furniture. Have fun painting them. CARMEL FURNITURE HOUSE
Dolores between 7th and 8th Sts.

WANTED, FURNITURE — Antiques, art objects and household appliances of the better grade, to be placed with us on consignment for auctioning. AUCTION STUDIO, W. A. LaPorte, Auctioneer, 562 Fremont St., Monterey. Phone 6431 or 4752. (46-49)

Septic Leaks Nothing, It's a River!

(Continued from page 1)

Frank Murphy, and the old Spanish map, a matter of lively village debate. The same perpetually moist ground is noticeable not only in the proximity of Roper's property but up and down the drive.

Civic leaders, experts on streets, seem generally to believe that there are several sources for Scenic's fount. Their attitude toward the suspected river is that it is interesting geologically but, since life has been going on normally above it for hundreds of years, they wish to dispel any fear that this possible stream of water might one day rise to the surface.

Councilman P. A. McCreery, commissioner of streets, and the leading and most persistent voice among those Carmel people who believe Scenic is definitely soggy, and who urge, year after year, that something be done about it—McCreery says that in spite of underground rivers, pumps and gravel he still believes that septic tanks are at the bottom of it.

Carmel Captains for Civil Defense Are Named

Zenas L. Potter, deputy coordinator of civilian defense for the Carmel Area, announced yesterday precinct captains as follows:

Carmel Precinct No. 1—Thomas N. Hooper.

Carmel Precinct No. 2—W. T. Mahar.

Carmel Precinct No. 3—Floyd Adams.

Carmel Precinct No. 4—Jack O. Belvail.

Carmel Precinct No. 5—Ivan Kelsey.

Carmel Point—Avery Tompkins.

Hatton Fields—Mission Tract—Paul H. Low.

Carmel Woods-La Loma Terrace—A. F. Halle.

Carmel Highlands—Dr. Russell Williams.

Carmel Valley—Bernard H. Schulte.

Captains outside village will be commissioned deputy sheriffs; Carmel precinct captains will become police officers.

In event of military danger, these men will be responsible for the safety of life and property within their precincts or districts, and for evacuation of the population, according to plan, should evacuation be ordered by military authorities. Each captain will be aided by block wardens, of their appointment.

A woman's auxiliary organization, under Mrs. Elmina Roberts, parallels the men's organization, and is making the house-to-house family census the basis of the evacuation plan.

MANGRUM MIGRATES SOUTH

F. L. Mangrum, long associated with his tiny shop in Las Tiendas Court, is leaving Carmel for Altadena where he will make his home.

Carmelites who have had their watches repaired by Mangrum ever since 1927 are going to miss his careful workmanship and miracle-like capacity for solving the intricacies of the most complex watches.

HILDRED M. HODGSON Modern Piano Instruction

Night Classes for Adults
Day Classes for Children
Supervised Practice

Phone: Monterey 3066
State Theatre Bldg. (Upstairs)
MONTEREY



This crab, which seems to be saluting you, is one of the photographs by Harriet Huntington Hoppee, which is now on exhibit at Carmel Library beside her book, "Let's Go to the Seashore."

Child Seashore Book Goes on Exhibition at the Library Today

Today at the Carmel Library a new book by Harriet Huntington Hoppee, who has been spending the summer in Carmel Valley with her two little boys, Edouard and Paul, will go up for exhibit and inspection.

It is a children's book called, "Let's Go to the Seashore," and is a book largely made up of photographs of tidewater life, taken by Mrs. Hoppee.

At the same time, the Library is exhibiting a collection of the original photographs which have been loaned by the author.

"Let's Go to the Seashore" will go into general circulation next Wednesday.

Besides the above picture and many others similar, of sand fleas, star fish, and sea urchins, the book contains photographs of Mrs. Hoppee's little sons who, she says, helped her write the book.

Mrs. Hoppee's method of taking clear pictures under water is to bring the little creatures home with her—material for the book was gathered on southern California beaches—and put them into her special, all-glass aquarium. In it the sand has been washed until it is immaculate, so here she photographs them at her leisure with sharp, clean results.

Big Fight Sunday

A "big grudge fight" will come off Sunday at 10:30 a. m. at the Pebble Beach Racquet Club.

It's so big and so terrific, they're sending out invitations.

"No holds barred! Heckle the referee! the players! your wife!" they announce.

Fighters are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton versus Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bunn. Charles Frost is referee.

The ring's the tennis court.

The Pine Cone isn't responsible.

Dragon's Teeth Sown in Carmel

(Continued from page 1)

from Mr. Devendorf, who was anxious that Carmel should have them. The difficulty lay in the fact that the title was not clear, and despite all the efforts of city Attorney Argyll Campbell, it seemed unlikely that it could be freed. A sand company owned the right to remove sand and that was that.

Miss White thought she had a buyer for sand and went to San Francisco on her own to the company who owned the sand rights and offered \$1000 for them. They accepted her offer and on her return to Carmel she discovered that unwittingly she had accomplished what the city and Mr. Devendorf had tried unsuccessfully to do for years: she had cleared the title.

Mr. Devendorf again offered the property to the city at a figure which included what Miss White had paid and a profit to her besides. The city did not buy. There were some who felt that nothing should be paid Elizabeth White for her part in clearing up the difficulty.

After the city had refused, Mr. Devendorf suggested to Miss White that she buy the dunes. This had never occurred to her as she didn't have the money and didn't realize she could borrow it. However, she did, and purchased the property. From that minute there were howls of protest. Carmel had considered the property for so long that it seemed almost sacrilegious to some that an individual should own those dunes. Were they not part of the untrammelled beauty of Carmel?

Miss White in her turn offered them to the city, but this time the figure was higher, allowing for the taxes she had paid and the price of surveying and a profit for herself.

At this the protests grew louder and longer. At least one-half of the citizens would cheerfully have seen Miss White shot as a traitor. The other half felt that as a business woman, she was in no way at fault for having bought a piece of property which the town had repeatedly refused for no matter what reason, and that she was entitled to a profit. Perry Newberry, editor of The Pine Cone at that time, championed Elizabeth White.

Years have passed but the memory of the feud lingered in the minds of some to such a degree that this year when Miss White announced that she was planning to build a group of cottages on the dunes the old grudges were brought out of moth balls, dusted off and put back into circulation. "What would that commercially-minded woman put on the beloved

dunes?"—or rather, "What would she not be likely to build there?"

Carmel has its answer. The cottages will be ready for occupancy within a week—one has already rented. They are lovely. Built of creamy brick, they nestle unobtrusively among the hills of sand. They are low buildings simply designed. Each cottage has a large livingroom, two bedrooms, commodious bath and kitchen. Some have dining ells. Thruout, the walls are tinted in pastel shades and the view across the sands and Carmel Bay to Point Lobos is magnificent.

Those who feel that nothing should ever be built on the sand dunes will, of course, not become reconciled to the cottages, but others will have to admit in fairness, that Elizabeth White has decorated the dunes.

HURRAY FOR THE PIGSKIN!

Edith Greenan's children, Ma-eve, Owen and Jimmy, leave tomorrow for the Stanford-Oregon game in Palo Alto. They will join their father there and return Sunday night.

Open All Day Sunday Crawford's Cafe

Lunch 40c - Dinner 60c, 75c

SPECIAL EVERY SATURDAY
ROAST DUCK DINNER - 60c

Adjoining the Historic
"Bull and Bear Pit"

—NO LIQUORS—

115 Pearl St.

Monterey

New Sports Coats for . . . Rugged Guys!



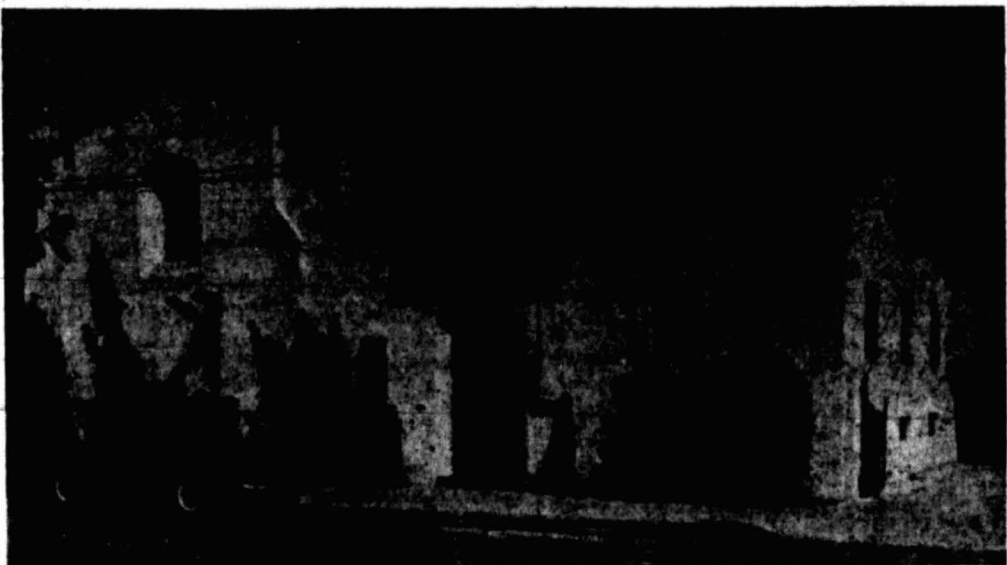
Virile coats these . . . tough and good looking. The kind of tailoring that accents your good points . . . and soft pedals your bad ones. Selection? And How! Even if you are a Rugged Individualist, you can't miss finding at least one that's just right for YOU.

\$11.50
UP

Holman's
DEPARTMENT STORE

Men's Shop - Main Floor

A shop for men, staffed with regular guys, to give you what you want when you want it.



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